

IBN YAMIN

ابن يمين

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Persice

Ibn-i-Yamin

100 SHORT POEMS

THE PERSIAN TEXT WITH PARAPHRASE .

BY

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این قافلهٔ عمر عجب می گذرد
در یاب دمیکه با طرب می گذرد

A Couplet from "‘Omar Khayyám".

Life's caravan moves past in wondrous wise,
Then make the most of time—in merry guise.

(See my edition of FitzGerald's *Rubá'iyát* of ‘Omar Khayyám, p. 32.)

ERRATA

p. 25, last line. *For* مَجْنَا *read* مَجْنَا

p. 45, last line but one. *For* سَعَارَت *read* سَعَادَت

PREFACE

“IF Ibn Yamin is not a poet of the first rank in the composition of odes (*ghazal*), or longer poems (*qasida*), he has a right to a high place amongst the authors of poems dealing with ethical subjects, and we may count his moral poems as outstanding and conspicuous examples of Persian poetry.”

So writes his biographer Rashid-i-Yāsīmi. It must always be difficult for an Englishman to appraise the works of Persian poets; but in comparing Ibn Yamin with ‘Omar Khayyám, whose quatrains are so well known to us through FitzGerald’s paraphrase, certain points stand out clearly, and in order to the better understanding of our poet it may be well briefly to refer to them.

Both poets lived in the same district of Khurásán to a good old age¹; both breathe the literary atmosphere in which they lived; both of them were Arabic scholars, but neither of them is in the first rank of Persian poets; both of them looked with wonder and astonishment on their environment; both of them expressed themselves in language which can easily be understood by common and unlearned people; both of them used as the vehicle of their philosophy short and pithy forms of verse²; both of them emphasize the temporary nature of our existence in this passing world; both of them look on speculations with regard to a future state as waste of time and folly—but ‘Omar Khayyám as an astronomer is more antinomian than Ibn Yamin and expresses himself more freely, more courageously, and more profoundly. Ibn Yamin has nothing to match Khayyám’s *Kúza-náma*. On the other hand, Ibn Yamin, who claims to be the apostle of Wisdom, or perhaps we should say of common sense, has in his armoury a keen sense of humour, and can defend himself with the winged shafts of satire. For instance, taking Count Schlechta-Wssehrd’s paraphrase:—

Manchen Freund erwählte ich,³
Dass er schlage meine Feinde,—
Und dass Schicksal half dem Freunde,
Schlug und Schlug—doch schlug es mich!

¹ ‘Omar Khayyám died in A.D. 1123 and Ibn Yamin in A.D. 1367.

² ‘Omar Khayyám used the *rubdī*’ or quatrain, that lends itself admirably to epigram, and Ibn Yamin used as a rule the *qīṭa*’ or short poem in which all the couplets rhyme together. We are here concerned with *qīṭa*’s only. The word *qīṭa*’ means a *fragment*, but with all deference to the opinion of the late Professor E. G. Browne of Cambridge, this word has come to mean in poetry a *short poem* and may be compared to the English *sonnet*, embodying as a rule a single thought or emotion.

³ My paraphrase will be found on p. 2, “Friends.”

Again :—

Hast du ein Feld und Ochsen zwei zum Pflug,¹
 Nenn einen „Scháh“, den anderen „Wesir“;
 Und scheint dir diess zum Wohlsein nicht genug,
 Geh hin und Geld von Juden borge dir.
 Noch besser so als sich im Dienste neigen
 Und Slavenhuld'gung jedem Wicht bezeigen !

Moreover, Ibn Yamin is free from the Bacchanalian addresses to the *Sáqi*, many of them probably spurious, which tarnish the lustre of Khayyám's reputation ; and whereas the latter, failing in his search for something that would satisfy his spiritual aspirations, falls back on a pretended worship of the wine-cup—Ibn Yamin, taking pleasure in wine and the society of his friends, is by nature Spartan rather than hedonist, and devotes his genius to teaching his fellow-men how to live wisely and happily.

Like Vergil he was a born lover of nature and was imbued with a keen sense of the dignity of labour. For instance, Ibn Yamin writes :—

“ And every hyacinth from out the ground ²
 Was once a ringlet that some forehead bound
 Of sweeter scent than ambergris. My heart ! ”

And again :—

“ To till the soil contented be ³
 That you the great results may see.”

Moreover, Vergil's kindly picture of the garden of the old man of Corycus, who had reclaimed a waste patch of land ⁴ near Tarentum and was in his own mind possessed of the wealth of kings, finds its counterpart in such expressions as :

“ Without his pomp is verily a king.” ⁵

and

“ Is in this world of his own time a king.” ⁶

If we weigh in the balance the reputation of these two philosophers during their own life-time, we find that Ibn Yamin for his livelihood held on to the skirts of warring chiefs, had frequent periods of disappointment and depression, but lived to enjoy the fruits of his laureatship in popular esteem. On the other hand, 'Omar Khayyám, though much esteemed by a small band of free-thinkers (*dzáddagán*), was anathematized and persecuted by religious zealots, and his poetry remained unhonoured and almost unknown until by a curious chain of accidents it was as it were revealed, glorified in an English dress, and acclaimed

¹ My paraphrase will be found on p. 45, “ In Praise of Husbandry.”

² See “ Men of Vision ”, p. 31.

³ See “ True Alchemy ”, p. 28.

⁴ . . . cui pauca relict

⁵ *Iugera raris erant* . . . Georg. iv. 127.

⁶ See “ One's Native Land ”, p. 14.

⁶ See “ The Simple Life ”, p. 15.

by the multitude as expressing in some measure the sentiments of the elusive and shallow individual known as "the man in the street". Moreover, as was to be expected, the Apostle of common sense has never been charged with Sufism or mysticism—a charge made not infrequently against Khayyám and vehemently rebutted by Edward FitzGerald.

In order to give some idea of the life of Ibn Yamin amongst the disorders that have been hinted at, the simplest plan would seem to consist in making notes and extracts from the poet's biography,¹ as compiled with admirable care by Rashid-i-Yásimi. The extracts will not follow the exact words of the biographer, because sometimes the Persian dress sits ill on English shoulders, but will closely follow the sense of the memoir. In this way the reader may become acquainted with a remarkable man who lived in the courts of the petty Sultans of Khurásán at a time when they were unceasingly at war with one another—and after reigning a short time were usually put to death by their rivals, or assassinated by aspiring and ambitious conspirators. However much Ibn Yamin may have been inclined towards peaceful and intellectual pursuits, at the age of 56 he accepted his patron's invitation to take part in a military expedition, and thus it came to pass that he nearly lost his life, and did actually lose the whole of his accumulated poems (*diwán*) in the plunder of his tent.

I therefore extract the following from Rashid-i-Yásimi's preface :—

"Dawlatsháh of Samarqand recognizes him merely as the encomiast of the *Sarbadár* or *Sarbaddl*; the author of the *Majma'-al Fuṣahá* merely as the eulogist of Tughá 'Timúr. Professor Browne throws doubts upon his eulogies of the *Sarbadár*; in brief nothing has come to hand from the people he praised, or from his family—or concerning his travels and the dates of his birth and of his death. The authors of the memoirs of the poets have written briefly and in uncertainty about him, and have excused themselves for the reason that his *diwán* was lost and it was considered impossible to ascertain the true history of his life.

"The only *diwáns* that are extant are those containing some *qita's* of his poetry. Some of these *qita's* were printed at Calcutta in the year A.D. 1865 and published, but this edition, though it gave a good number of his verses, had not a single line devoid of errors.² However, Schlechta-Wssehrd has rendered some of his *qita's* into German,³ and shown their merits.

"One of the contemporary scholars, Áqá Mirzá 'Ali Akbar Khán Dehkhudá, decided to collect, as far as possible, Ibn Yamin's scattered poems,

¹ Published at Tehrán in the year 1303 of the Shamsi era, corresponding to A.D. 1924-5.

² Although neither quite correct nor complete, the edition is not so bad as Yásimi thinks it to be.

³ Count Ottokar Schlechta-Wssehrd's selection was entitled *Ibn Yamin's Bruchstücke*, that is, *Ibn Yamin's Fragments* or *Muqatta'at-i-Ibn Yamin*, and his first edition was published at Vienna in 1852. It contains 164 *qita's*. His second edition was published at Vienna in 1879. It contains 159 *qita's*, the number 146 occurring twice. Both editions are in my humble opinion very attractive. Many pieces are slightly altered in the edition of 1879. The translation is sometimes very free, and Count Schlechta, as for shortness I propose to call him, seems sometimes to have added to the text out of the treasure-house of his own erudition.

and succeeded in collecting about 8,000 couplets,¹ so that to-day the diwán of Ibn Yamin is almost perfect. However, a friend of his stated that more than 10,000 couplets of Ibn Yamin's poetry were found in Ṭabas and had then lately fallen into the hands of the ill-disposed and were burnt . . .

"The diwán and all the selected pieces bear no marks of having been tampered with by the collector; and there are others also that the memoir-writers are quite unacquainted with—and we are fortunate that in showing forth the poet's intellect we have been aided by the collector in putting the wholly forgotten poet on his feet again . . .

"From the perusal of this brief treatise, the object of which is to set forth the philosophical principles and practical wisdom of Ibn Yamin, you may say *a lesser Khayyám emerges*, who sees more clearly than his contemporaries the wheeling of Time, and weighs moral truths more accurately than could they, bigoted and hoodwinked as they were . . .

"This memoir shows Ibn Yamin at darbárs and at banquets, on the battlefield, and in the libraries of scholars and learned doctors—in a word, in the palaces of Sabzawár, of Naishápur, and of Gurgán, to which his world-wide fame rather than his personal qualities introduced him. His diwán was lost in A.H. 743 (A.D. 1342), and thus all the verses that he had sung in the first two-thirds of his life disappeared.

"Ten years later he was busy collecting his poetry. He brought together what was recovered from his own memory and from the note-books of friends, and added thereto what he wrote afterwards.

"Thus Ibn Yamin had two periods in his poetry—the first from the end of the seventh century A.H. to the year A.H. 743 (A.D. 1342), the second from this year to A.H. 769 (A.D. 1367). The first period is that of his youth, and it was specially fruitful in odes and lively pieces and disputations with his father, the Amir Yaminuddin. The second belonged to his old age, and was productive of moral and didactic pieces.

"Unfortunately only a small portion of the poetry of the first period is extant, and for this reason little is known of Ibn Yamin's youth."

It appears that the poet's full name was the Amir Fakhruddin Maḥmud Ibn Yamin. Yásimi discusses at considerable length the date of his birth, which is finally given as A.H. 685 (A.D. 1286). Very little is known about the poet's father, the Amir Yaminuddin, who was, however, a poet of repute.

"Dawlatsháh says the Amir Yaminuddin Ṭughrái came to Faryumad from Turkistán in the reign of Sulṭán Muḥammad Khudá Banda, and bought an estate and became a citizen. . . .

¹ Lit. *Bayts*. A *bayt* is commonly translated *couplet*, but there is a difference, for as the entrance of the Arab tent (house of hair) has two folding doors (*miṣra'*) so in (the house of) poetry the *bayt* consists of two hemistiches, which are written in one line and not as in English one above the other, and the *bayt* is the foundation of all poetry. Hence a quatrain is properly a *du-bayt*.—*Arúẓ-i-Saifi* and *Lit. Hist. of Persia*, vol. ii.

"This may have been in the year A.H. 698 (A.D. 1298) when Ibn Yamin was 13 years old . . .

"His father was his tutor in poetry and introduced him to the court of Khwāja 'Alāuddin, who at one of his levées presented the boy with a cup of wine as a reward for his proficiency in poetry. . . .

"The Amir Yaminuddin died at Faryumad in A.H. 722 (A.D. 1322) when Ibn Yamin was 37 years of age, and when his fame as a poet was established."

• As showing the extraordinary admixture of the amenities of civilization with the bloodthirsty despotisms of that time, we may note that "some of Ibn Yamin's verses in praise of a hospital founded by the Wazir 'Alāuddin in Faryumad are extant—and he not only praises the founder, but especially commends the damsels, who as in the present day 'girded themselves in the service of the sick'."

I must add a few more extracts in order to portray the environment in which the poet lived and which had its influence on his character :—

"The year A.H. 736 (A.D. 1335) is of great importance in the annals of Irán, because in this year the line of Chingiz Khán, that had ruled in Irán for more than a generation, began to lose its power, and the last Sultán of that family, Hulágu Abu Sa'id Bahádur Khán, died of some unknown disease. As he left no heir the more powerful Amirs in every corner of the kingdom assumed despotic powers and ascended the throne of kingship. In this year the government of Irán suffered a sudden revolution and the central power of the Sultán was shattered as by an earthquake. And this was the year of the birth of the Amir Timúr Gurgan, who about half a generation later brought the kingdom under the power of the Mughals, and overthrew the petty kings. . . .

"It is in this convulsed half-generation that Ibn Yamin passed the remainder of his youth. If he recommended seclusion from the world and contentment with an ordinary livelihood, and forbearance, it is not surprising; and if in order to gain his living he praised many Amirs it is no disparagement, because in the tremendous revolution nothing but adherence to one of the plundering Amirs secured the means of living; and if anyone, like Sa'di, disliked spending his days in distant lands, and possessed some land and had some followers of his own tribe and relatives, and had settled his wife and children in a certain spot—there was no help for him except by holding on to the skirt of one of the Amirs that like lightning shone out suddenly, burnt and disappeared. . . .

"Khurásán more than any other part of Irán was subject to the depredations of the tribal leaders. . . . The best way of setting forth the rise of petty Sultáns . . . is the history of the Sarbadárs (*gallows-birds*), in the service of whose Sultáns Ibn Yamin spent the remainder of his life, and from his eulogy of them made his living."

Rashid-i-Yásimi discusses the origin of the nickname Sarbadár. But

briefly we may say that the origin of the revolution in Khurásán in the year A.H. 736 (A.D. 1335) was similar to that of Wat Tyler in Kent in 1381. The extreme harshness of the tax-gatherers was rendered more offensive by intolerable insults to the chastity of the peasant women-folk, and at Bastin in Sabzawár the brothers Ḥasan Ḥamza and Ḥusayn Ḥamza were provoked to draw their swords and kill the nephew of 'Aláuddin, the Wazir of Khurásán, and chief agent of the Sháh, saying: "We are gallows-birds and cannot bear this indignity." 'Aláuddin promptly supported his agents with soldiery, but the Amir Abdurrazáq protected the brothers and collected his friends, saying: "It is a thousand times better to be killed fighting valiantly and to see our heads on the gallows than thro' cowardice to be slain." For this reason, adds Yásimi, they are called *Sarbadár*.

As to the poet's loss of his diwán, Yásimi relates that in the year A.H. 743 (A.D. 1342) the Amir Mas'ud Sarbadár was engaged in the conquest of Harát and invited Ibn Yamin to accompany him.

"The meeting of the two armies took place two farsakh from Záva (near Harát) and the battle was joined on the morning of the 13th Šafar, A.H. 743. At first the battle went against the Harátis, and Mas'ud when he saw himself victorious, wishing to free himself from his family rival Ḥasan Juri, sent a certain person to put him to death. But at this time the Harátis collected together again and defeated the army of the Sarbadárs. Mas'ud immediately bore off the body of Shaykh Ḥasan Juri and the military chest and fled. Great numbers were made prisoners and the Harátis were victorious. . . . The army of Harát reached the camp and began to plunder, and Ibn Yamin's tent was one of the assemblage of tents and was plundered, and everything he had was plundered, as also his diwán. . . .

"And out of the fifteen years' reign of Khwāja 'Alī only three years were in the life-time of Ibn Yamin, namely from Ziqá'da, A.H. 766 (A.D. 1364), to Saturday, the 8th of Jamádi-ul-akhir, which agrees with the date given in the beginning of this memoir.¹ . . . They have written—In this night Ibn Yamin was engaged in prayer, and in the morning when men passed by his domed house they found him lying on the ground at his praying place, and this fragment was found near him:—

"How griefs the heart of Ibn Yamin did rend
And how he left this Inn—seek not to find.
Holding the book² and looking towards 'The Friend'³
Smiling, with Death⁴ he left the World behind."

¹ That is, in agreement with the date A.H. 769 (A.D. 1367), when Ibn Yamin was 81 years old according to our reckoning, and 84 according to the Muhammadan computation.

² The book, the *Qurán*.

³ The Friend, that is God.

⁴ With Death, lit. with the Angel of Death. The Persian text will be found in the Appendix.

As to the present paraphrase, which extends to only 100 *qīṭa's* and is couched in the simplest language, I may explain that I undertook the work, or rather pastime, at the suggestion of my literary friend Professor M. Mahfuz-ul Haq, M.A., of the Presidency College, Calcutta. My hope was that a poet and philosopher who is highly appreciated by his own countrymen, and wherever the Persian language is known, might also be appreciated by the English friends of Persia, and that a text free from corruptions with a simple English paraphrase might become accessible to the many who are interested in Persian literature. But I found it very difficult to obtain any version of the *Qīṭa's* (*Muqāṭṭa'āt*). It seemed that Ibn Yamin's shrewd philosophy appealed so strongly to his admirers that they could not easily be persuaded to part with any versions they might possess. Eventually my friend obtained for me from Hyderabad, Deccan, a copy of a version, lithographed and published at Bhopál about 1890. But as this version is not free from errors, I submitted my selection to the Professor, who collated the Bhopál lithograph with the Calcutta printed version (see note 2, p. ix above) and the MSS. "C" and "D" mentioned in the list below. Professor Mahfuz-ul Haq went even further, for on doubtful points he consulted Persian scholars resident in Calcutta, including Khán Bahádur Riza 'Alī, Wahshat (a master in prosody), and compared the readings found in Rashid-i-Yásimi's biography. There is, therefore, good reason to think that the text is sound not only in its wording but also as regards metre. And if this is so, the credit belongs to Professor Mahfuz-ul Haq and to Mr. Wahshat, who, however, think that if older and more correct texts had been available the present text might have been further improved. I may add that subsequently I compared the text very carefully with the MS. "E", which is, however, not very reliable. I am also indebted to the Professor for his notes on difficult passages which I have marked (M) accordingly; but he wishes me to say that "his notes were in fact not written for printing".

There was little help to be derived from Count Schlechta's paraphrase, which is generally very free.¹

The following list shows the versions consulted :—

- A. The Bhopál lithograph, 1890. Now very difficult to obtain. On the whole a very fair text, but has defects in wording and specially in metre, contains 484 *qīṭa's*.
- B. The edition printed in Calcutta in 1865. Now out of print and very difficult to obtain. Professor M. Mahfuz-ul Haq obtained a copy from Ḥakīm Ḥabīb-ur Raḥmán of Dacca. Although neither quite correct nor complete, the edition is not so bad as Yásimi thinks it to be. Contains some good *qīṭa's*.

¹ Through the courtesy of Herr C. H. Rempis, of Tübingen, I am enabled to quote the MSS. which formed the foundation of Count Schlechta's paraphrase :—N.F. 145a in the National Library, Vienna, in the Nasta'liq character, not alphabetically arranged, written by Ḥusayn al Kátib at Shiráz in A.D. 1477, contains more than 600 pieces. N.F. 145b in the National Library, Vienna, in the Nasta'liq character, alphabetically arranged, written by Muṣṭafá Ibn Piyála Beg in A.D. 1561, contains more than 320 pieces.

- C. MS. No. 582 in the Library of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, alphabetically arranged, transcribed in A.D. 1645, the text fairly correct, consists of 91 folios.
- D. MS. of the Kulliyát-i-Ibn Yamin in the Buhár section of the Imperial Library, Calcutta, not alphabetically arranged, copied by the order of Mirzá Naşir-ud Din Muḥammad by Muḥammad Fádíl in A.D. 1617. Comprises 428 folios. The text is better than "C" above and the number of *qita's* is also larger.
- E. MS. I.O. 277 (Ethé 1231) in the Library of the India Office, undated and the name of the copyist not given. The ancient and beautiful Nasta'liq script would seem to belong to the sixteenth century. Formerly belonged to Mr. Richard Johnson, Bahádur, and has his signature and the date 1778; not alphabetically arranged; text unreliable, contains 170 *qita's*.
- F. MS. O.R. 4910 in the British Museum, in the Nasta'liq script, not alphabetically arranged, comprises 44 folios.
- G. MS. Add. 16,806 in the British Museum, rough Nasta'liq script, seven folios bound up with selections from Háfiz, intended for a child's instruction.

In the notes references are made to :—

Háfiz, Haidari Press, Bombay, 1883.

The Korán (Qurán), Rodwell's translation, 1861.

'Omar Khayyám. My edition, 1931.

The "Fragments" are arranged alphabetically and agreeably to the Bhopál *diwán*.

E. H. RODWELL.

HOLBROOK,

NEAR IPSWICH.

15th October, 1932.

RETIREMENT FROM OFFICE

عزلت و ازوا و تنهائی	Retirement and seclusion, loneliness,
برهاندت از هزار بلا	These save from untold dangers and distress !
رسته از دام هر زبون گیری	From vilest snare the Anqá, ² flying free,
از چنین حال ها شود عنقا	Lives all alone—as here I counsel thee.
گوشه گیر و جریده که در او	Choose thou a cell—and take a book, wherein
جمع باشد لطائف شعرا	The grace of all the poets thou shalt win.
هر که دارد بسان ابن یمین	And he who thinks with Ibn Yamin in this,
نیست تنها که هست با تنها	Is not alone, but lives with them ³ in bliss.

DISAPPOINTMENT

مرا فلک بمواعید میفریفت ولیک	With pleasing pledges Heaven did me misguide,
از آن هزار یکی بار می نکرد وفا	No fruit I saw from countless hopes belied ;
زمانه چند گهی در هوای بول و مگر	With specious tales Fate often flatt'ring me,
غرور داد بامید ثم خیر مرا	Beguiled me in the hope of wealth to be.
چو زان غرور بجزرنج دل نشد حاصل	As nothing but the heart-ache did ensue,
ملول گشتم از اصحاب منصب اعلا	Uncivil Bureaucrats caused loathing too.
بحسب حال خود اینک بصورت تضمین	And now behold I proffer to the learned
بر اهل معرفت این بیت میکنم املا	A couplet in these circumstances turned :
حدیث من ز مفاعیل و فاعلات بود	“To verse and metre all my words relate,
من از کجا سخن سیر مملکت ز کجا	How far from grave intricacies of State !” ⁴

¹ The word *radif*, which I have rendered *rhyming*, literally means *riding behind a horseman on the same horse*.

² The ‘*Anqá*, lit. long necked ; a fabulous bird, also called *Simurgh*, the Griffin, sometimes translated *Phoenix* ; said to frequent the inaccessible peaks of mountains, where it broods in hermit-like meditation.

³ With them. There is a pun in this line. The first *tanhd* means *alone* ; the second *tanhd* is the plural of *tan* and means persons (M).

⁴ Compare Háfiz, who complains of his own worthlessness as compared with statesmen. All quotations in the Persian character will be found in the Appendix.

FRIENDS ✓

ای بسا دوستان که بگزیدم
تا بدوشان بآلم اعدا را
راستی را بسی شان ایام
داد مالش بسی ولی مارا

My friends were chosen, one and all,
To pound my foes to pieces small.
Through them ¹ Time ² pounded lustily
But then, alas ! it pounded me.

AVARICE

ابن یمین اگر همه عالم بکام تست
باشد کز آن فرح نه فزاید دل ترا
ور ملک کائنات ز دست برون شود
هان تا غمش ز جا نریاید دل ترا
چون هست و نیست هر دو نماند یک قرار
آن به کزان بیاد نیاید دل ترا
فارغ شو و متابعت پیر عقل کن
کز بند غم جز او نکشاید دل ترا
جز صیقل قناعت و استادی خرد
از زنگ حرص کس نزاید دل ترا

Son of Yamin ! If thou the whole world,
gain,
Let not thy heart therefor be over-fain.
And if thou lose the whole creation
Be not disturbed by much vexation.
Since "is" and "is not" stable ne'er
remain
Thrust from thy mind the mem'ry of
them vain.
Contented—follow Wisdom as thy
"Chief"
For only he can lose the chains of grief ;
The Polisher—Content—and master he
Alone from rust of greed can make thee
free.

FALSE FRIENDS ✓

خرد دوستی چون کند با کسی
که با دشمنان باشد اورا صفا
مدار از بدان چشم نیکی از آن
شکر کس نخورد از نی بوری
شبان بر آن به که دارد نگاه
از آن سگ که با گرگ شد آشنا

To choose a friend is never wisdom's part,
When he with enemies is one in heart :
Expect not goodness from an evil seed,
Nor sugar from a common marsh-born
reed.
As shepherd ³ take a lamb that watches
late,
Rather than dog that has a wolf to mate.

WEALTH AND POWER ✓

از برای دو چیز جوید و بس
مرد عاقل جهان پرفتن را

Two reasons only justify the wise
In seeking for this "world" ⁴ of varied
guise.

¹ Through them. Lit. *By their endeavours*.

² Time. Count Schlechta translates *Fate*.

³ Lit. a better shepherd is a lamb that keeps watch, than a dog, etc. Count Schlechta's second edition is far more correct than his first edition.

⁴ World of varied guise, *jahān-i-pur fan rd*, means as shown in l. 6 wealth derived from whatever source. Compare Mark viii, 36: For what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole *world*, and lose his own soul.

یا ازو سر بلند گردد دوست
 یاکند پائال دشمن را
 و آنکه می جوید و نمی داند
 که غرض چیست مال جستن را
 چیده باشد بمسکنت خوشه
 داده زان بس بباد خرمن را
 غیر جان کندن وزخستن چیست
 حاصل ناشناس کردن را

Either to help a friend to gain success,
 Or to tread down a foe in bitterness.
 And he who makes a search and does
 not know
 That these results from wealth and power
 flow,
 Is like a man who gathers ¹ sheaves and
 binds,
 And gives his harvest fully to the winds.
 'To stupid dolts what gains can e'er
 accrue,
 Except the heart-ache and the meagrim
 too ?

EARNING AND SPENDING ✓

هر که در مال میکند صنعت
 سعی در جمعش ار بود تنها
 غلط است آنکه میکند نادان
 ناپسند آید این بر دانا
 جمع تنها نه صنعتی دارد
 گر نه تفریق آیدش ز قفا
 جمع و تفریق هر دو میاید
 تا نکو صنعتی شود پیدا
 آنچه دانست گفت ابن یمن
 کس چه داند که چیست میل شا

He who amasses wealth by so-called art,
 If his endeavour is confined to getting,
 Commits an error in his foolish heart,
 And one the wise deem matter for
 regretting.
 Amassing wealth is not an art—Ah, no !
 If spending also follows not behind.
 Earning and spending must together go,
 If kindly art be perfectly designed.
 The son of old Yamin spoke what he
 knew—
 Who knows about it all—and what
 think you ?

THY WORK ²

گر خرد یارِ توست ابن یمن
 بر طرب نه بنای کارت را
 جهد کن تا بناخوشی ندهی
 خوشی روز و روزگارت را
 وقت را معتنم شمر کامسال
 می نیابی نشاط پارت را

Son of Yamin ! If wisdom is thy friend,
 Begin thy daily work in merry mood.
 Strive lest perhaps untoward hours end,
 Thy happy days and simple livelihood.³
 Think time a privilege. Perhaps this year,
 Last year's amenities may fail to bring ;

¹ Gathers. Lit. *who gathers in poverty.*

² Count Schlechta's paraphrase has little similitude.

³ Simplesness—not in the text, but implied.

ترل اندیشهای دوران گیر
همچو دی بگذران بهارت را
زانکه چندان تفاوتی نکند
بد و نیل تو کردگارت را

Let not anxieties too hardly bear,
But as December¹ make to pass thy
spring.
For little recks He² what betides to thee,
Who ordered what thy business shall be.

ردیف بای موحدہ

Rhyming in Bá

•

THE SILVER LINING

ای دل جهان بکام تو گریست گو مباش
منت خدای را که جهان هست منقلب
ور دور روزگار نه بر وفق رای تست
خود را مدار از پی این کار مضطرب
خوش باش اگرچه روز بشب شد بناخوشی
آخر نه شام را سحری هست در عقب

If things are not as you would have
them be,
Praise God there is in them no fixity.
And if Fate's cycle is not to your mind,
Be not put out, but rather be resigned.
Tho' day be turned to night by some
unright,
Think how the dayspring ever follows
night.

LOVE OMNIPOTENT ~

مه و مهر دلبر چو تابان شود
چه بال ار بود خصم با کین و تاب
چو رخشان کند رخ ز شرق آفتاب
زحل خواه گو تاب و خواهی متاب

When sun and moon from out my sweet-
heart shine,
What care I if the foeman be malign.
When from the East the Daystar shines
his fill,
Let Saturn³ shine or not shine—as he
will.

THE WORLD A DECEIVER

سائلی حال جهان را ز یکی کرد سوال
آن شنیدی که چه فرمود حکیمش بجواب
گفت دنیا و نعیمش چو بیابان و سراب
یا خیال نیست که صاحب نظرش دید بخواب
خواب را مردم بیدار دل اصلا نهند
نشوند اهل خرد غره بتمویه سراب

What is the world? Explain it if you can—
So questioned one; to whom a learned
man
Made answer: "As a mirage in a waste,
"Or like a vision by a dreamer traced,
"So seems it. But the wise build not on
dreams,
"Nor are deceived by cheating mirage
gleams."⁴

¹ December, a tranquil month when the harvest has been gathered.

² Count Schlechta translates *the spirit of the world*.

³ Observe that as with us Saturn is supposed to be inauspicious.

⁴ Mirage gleams. Compare Qurán [cv] xxiv, 39. *But as to the Infidels their works are like the vapour in a plain which the thirsty dreameth to be water, until when he cometh to it, he findeth it not aught.*

TWO SPECIAL FRIENDS¹ ✓

دو مشفق اند طیب و ادیب بر سر تو
نگاه دار بعزت دل طیب و ادیب
بدرد خسته شوی گر بنالد از تو طیب
مجهل بسته شوی گر برنجد از تو ادیب

Two special friends about thy person
dwell,
Honour thy Doctor and thy Tutor well.
Thy Doctor hurt—thou canst recover
never,
Thy Tutor wronged—thou art a fool
for ever.

REVELS AND WINE

یکدو سیمین بر ویاری سه چهاریم بهم
خورده هر روز من پنج و ششی از باده ناب
هفته مجلس ما طعنه زن هشت بهشت
بوده و امروز تهی گشت صراحی ز شراب
ای تو در طاق نه اوراق فلک جفت کرم
وقت ما را بخی باده گلولون دریاب

With silver-bosoms² one or two,
We friends together, three or four,
Took each of wine, for every day,
As much as weighs five mans³ or more.
And so we revelled for a week,
And jeered at the eight heavens high.
To-day, alas! for wine we seek,
My jug of wine is almost dry.
() Thou in the ninth heaven's niche
Who freely givest gifts divine,
Assist my days that I may drink⁴
A quart of rosy-coloured wine.

ردیف التاء

Rhyming in Tá

THE JUDGMENT DAY ✓

خدايشکه بنياد هستيت داد
بروز الست اندر افگند خشت
گلر پيکرت را چهل بامداد
بدست خود از راه حکمت سرشت
قلم را بفرمود تا بر سرت
همه بودنیا يکايک نوشت
نزید که گوید ترا روز حشر
که این کار خوب است و آنکار زشت

God who the sources of thy life supplied,
On the first day⁵ produced thy lump
of clay,
Full forty morns⁶ in kneading He
applied,
With His own hands, in His own
wisest way.
'The pen⁷ He caused to write upon thy
head
Whatever should befall thee day by day.
It ill becomes Him on the day of dread⁸
"This was well done and that ill
done" to say.

¹ Count Schlechta's paraphrase has little similitude.

² Count Schlechta translates correctly in his first edition, but in his second edition has *silver-necked*.

³ A man is a measure of weight, about 2 lb.

⁴ A difficult line. I am not sure of the meaning.

⁵ Ruz-i-alast or the day on which God said: "*a-lastu—Am I not (your Lord)*" is the beginning of time, or day of creation.

⁶ Forty morns. So the tradition.

⁷ The pen. Cf. FitzGerald's *Rubáiyat*, li, first edition, and lxxi, fourth edition.

⁸ Day of dread—the Judgment Day.

ندارد طمع رُستنِ شاخِ عود
 هر آنکس که بیخِ شترخارکشت
 چو از خط فرمانش بیرون نیند
 چه اصحاب مسجد چه اهل کنشت
 خرد را شکفت آید از عدل او
 که آنرا دهد دوزخ این را بهشت

مرد آزاده در میان گروه
 گرچه خوشخو و عاقل و داناست
 محترم آنگی تواند بود
 که از ایشان بمالش استغناست
 و آنکه محتاج خلق شد خواراست
 کرچه در علم بو علی سیناست

گر نوازد فلکت غره مشو از پی آن
 که سعودی نبود کش نه سقوطی ز پی است
 و ر بلندی دهدت بخت برو نیز مناز
 کارفای نبود کش نه هبوطی ز پی است

ای پسر در ضبط آنچه هست جہدی می نمای
 تا ز هر چه آن نیست اندوهی نباید خوردنت
 لیل اگر ضبط از ره امسال خواهی کردنش
 خون نام نیک خود بود در گردنت
 بشنو از من تا بنایم در معاشت راه راست

For he who sows of camel-thorn the seed,
 If he expects the aloe¹ branch—is wrong;
 And none from His behest is quit and freed,
 Whether to mosque or chapel he belong.
 His justice cause for wonder thus affords,
 That this with Hell and that with Heav'n rewards.

INDEPENDENCE²

The free man as a member of a band,
 However good and wise he may have been,
 Will only then in highest honour stand,
 When independent of their wealth he's seen.
 For him, who leans on others, men despise,
 Though famed as Abu Ali Sina³ wise.

HILL AND DALE¹ —

If Heaven favours you, beware of guile,
 No happiness there is that shall not fail,
 And boast not, though Fate lift you up awhile,
 No hill there is without a neighbouring dale.

THE MIDDLE PATH —

My son! Take pains to keep what thou hast got,
 So that thou covet not what thou hast not.
 But if thy guarding is from miser's greed,
 Thy name lies ruined on thy neck indeed.
 To Ibn Yamin give ear—and learn the road,

¹ The aloe, used for incense.² Not paraphrased by Count Schlechta.³ Abu 'Ali ibn Sina. Avicenna (A.D. 980-1037), Persian (Bukharan) philosopher and physician, whose works are well-known in their Latin form.⁴ Paraphrased by Count Schlechta in his first edition only.

سنت ابن یمن باید بجا آوردنت
از در افراط و از تفریط بودن محترز
بر طریق اعتدال آهنگ باید کردنت

پادشاهی نزد اهل معرفت آزادگی ست
هر که بند آرزو بکشد از دل پادشاست
گرد خال آستان کلبه آزادگی
گر خرد دارد کسی چشم خرد را تویاست

ره بمعنی بر که در صورت بهم ماند دونی
از یکی ریزد شکر و آن یل ز بهر بوریاست
ور صفا خواهی ره وحدت سپر زیر آکه آب
زامتراج خال باشد که گهی گر با صفاست

میرسد خواری ز آمیزش بمرغ خانگی
غیرتی گر هست عنقا را ز بهر انزواست
کنج عزالت گیر و دهقانی کن ای ابن یمن
تا بدانی که آنچه میکاریش در نشو و نماست
جستن گوگرد سرخت عمر ضایع کردن است
روی بر خال سیه آور که یکسر کیمیاست

بگفتار اگر دُر فشانند کسی
خوشی به بسیار از آن خوشتر است
خردمند خامش بود چون صدف
اگرچه در و نش پر از گوهر است

In living thou must carry out his code:
"Of wastefulness and want the door shut
to.
"Resolve to keep the middle path in
view."

FREEDOM AND HUSBANDRY

A freeman is a king, so hold the wise,
And he's a king who is from cravings
free.
The dust of freedom's threshold for sore
eyes
An ointment makes, so think the wise
with me.

Follow the sacred path—in form two
reeds are known,
This drips with sugar—that the
common reed.¹
If purity you seek—follow the path
alone,²
For water dust befouled remains
impure indeed.

And meanness is from breed of common
hens,
The Anka's³ spirit from seclusion
grows.
Retirement choose, and farms, and
cattle-pens⁴
And mark how grows to each man what
he sows.

To seek the magic stone⁵ is vanity
Regard black earth⁶—the only alchemy.

SILENCE

If pearls are scattered from the lips in
heaps,
Silence far better suits us—for our
part.
The wise man like an oyster silence keeps,
Though many pearls lie hidden in his
heart.

¹ The common reed, from which mats are made.

² Follow the path alone. Compare St. Paul's *evil communications corrupt good manners*, which he
quotes from a line in Euripides if my memory serves me—though traced to Melanger (1 Cor. xv, 33).

³ The 'Anka's spirit. See p. 1, n. 2.

⁴ Cattle-pens—not in text.

⁵ Magic stone. Lit. *red sulphur*, i.e. *the philosopher's stone*.

⁶ Black earth. Perhaps with reference to the rich black soil which is found in Russia and in Eastern
countries, and is known in India as *black cotton soil*.

GOD'S PROVIDENCE ✓

صاحباً بنده را بخدمت تو
 سخنی هست عرضه خواهد داشت
 مهرِ مهر تو بر نگین دلش
 چند سالست تا زمانه نگاشت
 هرگز از شیوه هوا داری
 یک سرِ موی در طلب نگذاشت
 بدگمانش که سر بدولت تو
 خواهد از خال بر فلک افراشت
 راستی داشت صد امید بتو
 خود کثر آمد هر آنچه می پنداشت
 چون ندید از تو هیچ تربیتی
 فکر بر حال روزگار گماشت
 شد یقینش که همت مخلوق
 نرساند بشام قوت ز چاشت
 هر که داند که خالق دارد
 کم ز مخلوق بایدش انگاشت

چیزیکه رفت رفت مکن یاد او دگر
 زیرا که تازه کردن غم کار عقل نیست
 تا نقد روزگار ترا کم زیان شود
 بگذار زانکه سود در او بار عقل نیست
 نه نه عقل عقل یفگن ز پای دل
 کایار غم کم است که او بار عقل نیست
 مانند باغبان همه بر گل کند نشاط
 هر دل که خستگی وی از خار عقل نیست
 خوش روزگار ابن یمین کش خدای داد
 آزادگی از آن که گرفتار عقل نیست

Permit, O Lord, that I, Thy slave,
 May bring this prayer before Thy face !
 On me, years past, Fate did engrave
 The seal of love—I bear thro' grace.
 And never from the way of love
 Moved I one inch in any wise,
 That by Thy aid to Heaven above
 My head from out the dust might rise.
 In truth I put my hopes on Thee—
 But all my thoughts apieces went.
 When special care I could not see—
 My mind towards daily bread was bent.
 Created man, I knew, at eve
 No food from breakfast can provide ;
 Who on a Maker does believe
 Can leave created men aside.

THE PAST IS PAST ✓

The past is past. Then surely quite
 forget it !
 For to renew old griefs is folly !
 Life's zest that you may keep and not
 regret it—
 Let be. For gain in this is folly !
 But no ! The husks of wisdom cast
 aside,
 Few are unknown¹ to grief—and
 grief is folly !
 As gardeners in their roses take a pride,
 The heart that thorns distress—is
 folly !
 Son of Yamin ! God given life is sweet,
 To prisoners thoughts of freedom² are
 but folly.

¹ A difficult line. The meaning seems to be that few there are who have not cause for regret in their past life.

² Another difficult line. The meaning seems to be that though we are pent in this body with its limitations, yet we must make the best of it, without yearning for a hereafter of which we know nothing.

LIFF'S JOURNEY ✓

از کوی حیات تا در مرگ
جز نیم نفس مسافتی نیست
وین طرفه که اندرین مسافت
گامی نه نهی که آفتی نیست

From being's alley to the gate of death,
The journey is not more than half a
breath.
And this surprising is—as we progress
Each step we take is full of wretched-
ness.

WEALTH AND WISDOM ✓

حالت علم و مال گر خواهی
که بدانی که هریکی چون است
مال دارد چو بدر روی بکاست
علم چون ماه نو در افزون است
طلب مال بهر علم بود
هرکرا طالع همایون است

Of wealth and wisdom who the nature
knows ?
If so you ask, my answer this explains.
Wealth, like the moon, from fullness
smaller grows,
And wisdom, like the new moon,
always gains.
And he whose horoscope is fortunate,
For greater wisdom—seeks for riches
great.

THE HAPPY COUNCILLOR

آفت مرد چون ز شهرت اوست
خرم آن کس که خامل الذکر است
آنکه در مجلس اکابر عصر
ناقص القوم کامل الذکر است

Men are the victims of their own good
name,
And happy is the man of no repute,
Who in the council of the men of fame
Unknown to men—is perfect in
dispute.

MENS ÆQUA ¹ ✓

گر جهانی ز دست تو برود
مخور اندوه آن که چیزی نیست
عالی نیت از بدست آید
هم مشو شادمان که چیزی نیست
بد و نیک جهان چو بر گذر است
در گذر از جهان که چیزی نیست

If Fortune frowns on you and you lose all,
Be not too sad—and count it all as
nought.
If Fortune smiles on you, your wealth
not small
Be not too glad—and count it all as
nought.
Since good and evil pass—beyond recall,
The world give up—and count it all
as nought.

¹ Not paraphrased by Count Schlechta.

THE FIRST AID

By hunger pressed I urged a wealthy friend :—

“Your open hand can make my sickness end.”

When all my case to him was fully known

“Don’t mind,” said he, “A certain cure I own.”

My food and wine he took away and said :

“Abstaining is for sickness the first aid.”

A BORE REBUFFED

An honoured friend spoke with me yesterday,

(Between us nought is hid) and bid me say,

By warmth of genius in my garden reared,

In my springtime of verse, what buds appeared ;

“The diamond of thought, so hard and true,

What pearls of eulogy has it bored through ?”

I answered : “Now—of none the praise I sing,

My thoughts and heart—a different music ring.”

THE MISER

Who heaped up riches with great pains,

Perforce to others left his gains.

When we regard his end it’s worse,

His wealth was nothing but a curse.

He, like myself, more blest doth feel,

Who never frets for next day’s meal.

PROVIDENCE

My soul ! If Fate assails with many pains

Sit patiently, for patience is the cure.

Resistance to the Power nothing gains,

If one resists there is a proverb sure :

بردم بنزد خواجه شکایت ز رنج فقر

گفتم دوای این بکف همت شایست

بر حال من چو یافت وقوف تمام گفتم

زین رنج غم مخور که علاجش بدست ماست

از من گرفت باز طعام و شراب گفتم

کاؤل علاج مردم بیمار احتیاست

دی مرا گفت محترم یاری

که دلم هیچ راز ازو تنهفت

که بگلزار طبع وقادت

در بهار سخن چه غنچه شگفت

نول الماس فکر ثاقب تو

گوهر نظم در مدیخ که سفت

گفتم اکنون بمدح هیچ کسی

نشود فکر با ضمیرم جفت

هر که رنجی کشید و گنج نهاد

بضرورت بدیگری بگذاشت

چون نظرمی کنی بآخر کار

حاصل از گنج غیر رنج نداشت

خرم آنکس که همچو ابن یمین

نخورد وقت شام انده چاشت

ای دل اگر زمانه بصد غم نشانده است

بنشین و صبر کن که صبوری دوای اوست

باجور روزگار نشاید ستیزه کرد

آن کس که کرد این مثلی خوش برای اوست

با پیل ژنده پشه چو پهلوی همی زند
 گر جان بیاد بر دهد الحق سزای اوست
 گر کار عاقلی نرود بر ره صواب
 از وی مبین که آن نه ز فکر و خطای اوست
 و ر جاہلی بمنصب و جاہی رسد مگوی
 کان مال و منصب از مدد عقل و رای اوست
 چون کارها بجد میسر نمی شود
 آن زبید از کسی که خرد ره نمای اوست
 کز کار نیک و بد نشود شاد و مضطرب
 داند که هرچه هست بحکم خدای اوست

ای دل بجهت و جوی هنر در جهان بگرد
 باشد که آورش بهر حیلتي بدست
 مرد آن بود که درگه و یگه نشان علم
 جوید بهر دیار ز هر هوشیار و مست
 گر علم یافت سرور اقران خویش گشت
 و ر مرد قدر او بر اصحاب روشن است

رزق مقسوم و وقت معلوم است
 ساعتی پیش و لحظه^۱ پس نیست
 هر یکی را مقدر است که چیست
 چه توان کرد اگر ترا بس نیست
 آنکه جفت مراد خود باشد
 زیر طاق سپهر اطلس نیست

"When with an elephant a gnat¹ contends
 If crushed—with punishment its being
 ends."
 If all the efforts of a wise man fail,
 Accuse him not. The fault is not his
 own.
 And if a fool the heights of glory scale,
 Say not success came from himself
 alone.
 Since our best efforts fail to reach the
 goal,
 It well beseems the man by wisdom
 guided,
 That failure and success shall not affect
 his soul,
 He knows that all is by his Lord
 provided.¹

SCIENCE ✓

Search out the world for science, O my
 soul!
 Perhaps with artifice thou wilt obtain.
 He truly is a man who his life whole
 Seeks wisdom everywhere from fool
 and sane.
 If he succeeds—he is a Prince² on earth
 And if he dies—friends recognize his
 worth.

FATE ✓

Your daily bread is fixed³—your years
 also—
 By not one hour too fast, nor second
 slow.⁴
 For everyone is fixed what is to be,
 If this suffices not, there is no remedy.
 Where shall you find who lives as he
 thinks due,
 Beneath the vaulted heaven of sombre
 hue?

¹ Provided. Cf. Qurán [c] iv, 81: *Whatever good betideth thee is from God, and whatever betideth thee of evil is from thyself.*

² Prince. *A Prince or Chief of his Contemporaries.*

³ Is fixed. The Muslim believes that daily sustenance is God's bounty, and as it were inalienably provided to every man. In the Qurán we read: *How many animals are there which provide not their own food! God feedeth them and you.* S. [lxxxix] xxix, 60. Cf. Matt. vi, 26; Luke xii, 24.

⁴ Second slow. See Qurán [lxxxiv] x, 50. *They shall neither retard nor advance it an hour.*

گر قناعت کنی بکنجی نیل
 کمتر از طارم مقرنس نیست
 لذتی کز شراب خرسندیست
 از شفاخانه^۱ مسدس نیست
 بقدم کوش تا بکام رسی
 مرد وا مانده کاروان رس نیست
 هم ز خود جوی هرچه می طلبی
 که بغیر از تو در جهان کس نیست

The quiet cell—if so you are content
 Becomes a parlour rich in ornament.¹
 The wine of joy a better taste provides,
 Than gives a hospital of many sides²
 To reach your object strive in all you can,
 The way-worn³ ne'er will reach the
 caravan.
 Seek all that you must seek from your
 own hand,
 For in the world you quite alone must
 stand.

THE WORLD ✓

این جهان را عجزه^۴ بینم
 حیلہ ساز و بلا بہ کار درشت
 اول و آخریش پیدا نیست
 سال عمر وی از شمار گذشت
 هر که آمد برین نسق دیدش
 نه همانا کزین نخواهد گشت
 باده خور غم مخور که بی تو بسی
 باد خواهد گذشت بر در و دشت

The world is an old woman in my eyes,
 In cheating and deceiving rugged
 grown.
 Her hoary age, who can its length
 surmise?
 Her origin and ending quite unknown.
 And everyone has found her as we see—
 Not so however that she shall remain—
 Drink wine—and be not sad—for with-
 out thee
 The winds will sweep by gates⁴ and
 desert plain.

THE LIFE TO COME: RENOWN

ای دل از احوال خود می باش دایم باخبر
 طمطراقِ خواجگی روزی سه چاری بیش
 نیست
 گه گهی گر سوی دنیا التفاتی میکنند
 اهل عقبی از برای اعتباری بیش نیست

Know thou thyself, my soul, and thine
 own worth,
 For Burger's grandeur is no lasting
 store.
 If Heaven's dwellers sometimes favour
 Earth
 That is conjecture only and no more.

¹ A parlour. A lofty circular parlour to which one ascends by a spiral staircase, as depicted in ancient pictures.

² A hospital of many sides. Lit. hexagonal. The poet strongly deprecated spending money on architecture. See below, p. 44: "Up to Capella's height thy buildings go."

³ Way-worn. Pilgrims whose fate it is to be left behind and to die very miserably of thirst. See Doughty's *Arabia Deserta*.

⁴ By gates (of cities), etc. Cf. FitzGerald's *Rubāyāt* of 'Omar Khayyām, fourth edition, stanza lxiiv, and the Persian text as in my edition of 'Omar Khayyām. Count Schlechta's paraphrase has four more lines, but of little value.

تقد عمر آ نکس که در تحصیل فانی صرف کرد
 بر سر بازار دانش هرزه کاری بیش نیست
 بگذر از دوزخ نظر در جنت الماوا مدار
 زانکه حاصل زین دو منزل اعتباری بیش
 نیست

عمر باقی خواه یعنی نام نیک ابن یمین •
 کین دوروزه عمر فانی مستعاری بیش نیست
 گر نداری گوهر و زر زان چرا باشی دژم
 این یکی دان آبرو و آن خاکساری بیش نیست
 شهره عالم شدی در خوش زبانی اینت بس
 غایت قصوای همت اشتیاری بیش نیست

بخور پوش و پاش و بدانکه حاصل عمر
 خرد نداشت کسی کو بدیگری بگذاشت
 منه ذخیره که بسیار کس ز غایت حرص
 نهاد گنج بصد رنج و دیگری بر داشت

در بهشت است هر که در وطنش
 نعمتی هست و حیف و واقی نیست
 کنج عزلت گزیده در عالم
 در پی طام و رواقی نیست

And he who spends in perishable shards
 The cash of life—trifles in wisdom's
 mart.

Let Hell alone. To Heaven pay no
 regards

For from these mansions ¹ only guesses
 start.

Seek Ibn Yamin a name perpetual

'That is Renown. For life's a pawn.
 Natheless

If pearls and gold you lack, fret not at all
 Know these in *honour*, that in *humble-*
ness ²

Repute in verse was thine—and that
 alone
 Seclusion's end, renown became thine
 own.

LIVE LIBERALLY ³ —

Enjoy your food, wear garments meet
 for health,

In alms distribute what you gain,
 and know,

'That he who at life's end bequeathed his
 wealth,

Was far from wise. All hoarding too
 forego.

For many a man from greed has made a
 hoard,

'That others carried off—and spent
 abroad.

ONE'S NATIVE LAND

To each as Heaven seems his native land,

Where he may rest from troubles
 wholly free.

Where he apart from all the world may
 stand

And power ⁴ and palaces unmoved may
 see.

¹ Mansions, lit. from these two mansions or stages, i.e. *from this world and that to come*.

² Know these in honour, etc. The poet's meaning is that lustre (*Áb*) is found in pearls and in honour (*Ábrá*); and similarly, gold is found in dust or humus (*Khádk*), and in humbleness or humility (*Kháksári*) (M).

³ Count Schlechta has not paraphrased this fragment.

⁴ Power, lit. the firmament, i.e. exalted position (M).

هردم از ناگوار و ناجانشش
 هم نشینی و هم وثاقي نیست
 هر که جفتِ چنین مراد شود
 همچو او در زمانه طاقی نیست
 خود کسی کین سعادتش باشد
 هست شاهی و طمطراقی نیست

Each moment the mistrusted and
 unbound
 Shall not his fellow be, confederate ;
 He who has realized such objects sound,
 Is in the world unequalled in his state.
 He who is happy in thus sojourning
 Without his pomp is verily a king.

HUMILITY ✓

کسی کز طریق تواضع رود
 کند بر سریر شرف سلطنت
 ولیکن محاش بدان و مکن
 ملک سیرتی در گه شیطنت
 تواضع بود با بزرگان ادب
 بود با فرومایگان مسکنت

Who travels on the road—with humble
 mind,
 Will reach a throne at length—and
 honour find.
 But recognize its place—and never treat
 As angels those for Satan's lash¹ more
 meet.
 Towards the great humility—as courtesy
 we see,
 Towards the mean all humbleness
 demeaning seems to be.

THE MISER ✓

فاقه را کرده باشد استقبال
 هر که مسک بود بوقت حیات
 در جهان می زید چو درویشان
 بی نوا تا رسد زمان وفات
 زو حساب توانگران خواهند
 چون درآید بعرضه عرصات

He who in this world as a miser lives,
 To want and indigence a welcome gives.
 In direst penury² he draws his breath,
 Until to him, unfit, arrives his death.
 The reck'ning³ of the rich from him
 they will demand
 When in the court of courts⁴ he takes
 his stand.

GADDING ABOUT⁵

بهر روزی بهر دری چه روی
 این ز ضعف دل اعتقاد سُست

Why tramp about from gate to gate ?
 From weakness this—or lack of con-
 fidence ?

¹ Compare Sa'di's phrase, quoted in Appendix.

² In direst penury. 'Lit. like the poor, or like dervishes.

³ The reck'ning of the rich. See Qur'an [lxvii] xvii, 16, and [lxix] xviii, 47.

⁴ Court of courts. Refers to the *maidan-i-qiymat*, the plain of the resurrection.

⁵ Not paraphrased by Count Schlechta.

چه بری آب روی چون نانی
 نخورد کس از آنچه روزی توست
 گر نیوشی از آنچه من گفتم
 گفته‌های تمام راست درست

ایزدا مستحق عفو توام
 زانکه من بنده راگناه بسی است
 نه تو خود را عفو همی خوانی
 پس برین قول بی خلاف بایست
 عفو کردن پس از گناه بود
 بی گناه را بعفو حاجت نیست

نصیحتی بشنوای برادر از بنده
 اگر ز عقل نصیب و فراستی هست
 مشو برشته دشمن هیچ چاه فرو
 که هیچ دوست نگیرد در آن زمان دست

ردیف الحیم

هر که دارد کفاف عیش چنان
 که نباشد در آن بکس محتاج
 کلبه^۱ نیز باشدش که از آن
 نکند هر دمش کسی اخراج
 در جهان پادشاه وقت خوداست
 واین چنین کس نه بنگرد سوی تاج

What loss of honour ! For none ever ate
 A loaf of bread from your own
 sustenance.

If you both hear and keep the words I say
 They give in short the only proper way.

FORGIVENESS OF SINS ¹ ✓

O God ! I cry for mercy and for grace,
 My many sins confess before Thy face.
 Thy mercy is for Thy frail creatures ²
 meant,
 And much has argued been to this intent.
 Forgiveness follows after sin indeed—
 Who has no sin—of pardon has no need.

JOSEPH IN THE WELL

Hear a piece of good advice,
 If you are of understanding.
 Be not by your foe's device
 In a well without a landing.
 Lest no friend may grip your hand
 And pull you out all safe on land.

Rhyming in Fīm

THE SIMPLE LIFE ✓

He who enjoys this world's amenities,
 And needs no help against asperities,
 And has a cottage too where he may
 dwell,
 From which besides one cannot him
 expel,
 Is in this world, of his own time—a king,
 And looks not for a crown—or anything.

¹ Not paraphrased by Count Schlehta.

² For Thy frail creatures. Lit. *Thou dost not pardon Thyself*. Compare 'Omar Khayyām's quatrain, which may be found against stanzas lviii, first edition, and lxxxi, fourth edition of FitzGerald's *Rubāiyāt*, as in my edition.

بیشتر زین مجوی ابن یمین
تا بمانی مگر ازین محتاج
کافحه افزون ازین کنی حاصل
بهره وارث است یا تاراج

Beyond this seek for nothing Ibn Yamin,
Lest even this you have no power to win.
For if a man gets more than this he must
Leave to his heirs—or lose to spoilers lust.

ردیف الدال

Rhyming in Dál

در دهر کسی بگلعداری نرسید
تا در دلش از زمانه خاری نرسید
در شانه نگر که تا بصد شاخ نشد
دستش بسر زلف نگاری نرسید

FATE'S PINPRICKS¹
Until his heart was pierced by Fate's
sharp thorn,
No man did ever win a rose-cheeked
girl.
Until a comb a hundred cuts has borne,
Its hand did never touch a beauty's
curl.

مرد فرزانه کز بلا ترسد
عجب ار فکر او خطا نبود
زانکه این حال از دو بیرون نیست
یا قضا هست یا قضا نبود
گر قضا هست جهد نیست مفید
ور قضا نیست در بلا نبود

THE EXISTENCE OF FATE¹
When wise men for misfortune's advent
quake,
It's strange if they no silly error make.
The case—as one of two—explain we
may,
For Fate exists—or not exists—we say.
If Fate exists—to strive with it is vain,
If Fate is not—then we may well main-
tain
That in misfortune it is not—that's plain.

ای دل گرت روزی دوسه دنیا نباشد بر مراد
خوش باش کاحوال جهان زانسانکه آید بگذرد
کار جهان برقی بود در تیرگی رخشان شده
خوش در نظر آید ولی چون رخ نماید بگذرد

TRANSITORINESS¹
My heart! If transient days seem dust
and ash²
Be well content. For as things come
they go.
The world is nothing but a lightning
flash
That lightens up the darkness here
below.
To eyes a welcome sight,³ but when
once seen,
It vanishes as though it ne'er had been.

¹ These fragments were not paraphrased by Count Schlechta.

² Dust and ash. Lit. *not according to thy wish*.

³ A welcome sight. Cf. Qurán [xc] xiii, 13. *It is he who maketh the lightning to shine unto you; for fear and hope; and who bringeth up the laden clouds. And the thunder uttereth his praise.*

بگذار گیتی را و زو بگذر چو دانی اینقدر
کز مادر آنکو در جهان روزی بزاید بگذرد
مائیم در دست غمش مائیم جانی غرق خون
ای کاش کز بار غمش چون جان رباید بگذرد

سیرت بگردان از بدی و ز رنج و غم آزاد شو
کز مردم نیکوسیر هر چه آن نشاید بگذرد
بر ما چو دور خرّی بگذشت و آمد وقت غم
دل شاد باید داشتن کانهم نباید بگذرد
از تنگنای آرزو مسکین دل ابن یمین
گر حق ز خرسندی دری بروی کشاید بگذرد

غم نا آمده خوردن نبود شیوه عقل
و آنچه بگذشت از آن هم نکند عاقل یاد
وقت را دان که در آنی و غنیمت شمرش
زانکه از پیش تو آنهم گذران است چو باد
گر بدین نکته که گفت ابن یمین کار کی
نگذرد بر تو زمانی که نباشی دلشاد

زین پیشتر برین لب جوی و کنار حوض
آزادگان چو سوسن و چون سرو بوده اند

هر یل ز روی نخوت و از راه افتخار
بر فرق فرقدین قدمها بسوده اند

زین گلستان چو باد صبا در گذشته اند
آثار لطف خویش بخلقان نموده اند

Then leave the world. Pass on. Since
thou dost know
That every mother's son must pass
away.

Our sight is dim—our life with overflow
Of blood ¹ is steeped. O would that
in that day
When our life ends—the dimness less
might grow.

From evil turn—and live from sorrow
free,
For hurtful things from good men turn
aside.

As joy has gone—and sorrow come to me,
I should rejoice that it cannot abide.
If the Almighty with prevailing hands
Unlocks the gate of joy for Ibn Yamin,
This wretched heart shall quit the narrow
bands
Of expectation vain of things unseen.

PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE ²

To fret about the future is not wise,
And no wise man keeps what is past
in mind.

The present rightly know. Hold it a
prize,

Because it flies before you like the
wind.

If on this subtlety of Ibn Yamin

You act—your life will always be
serene.

THE SOWERS

By this glad stream—long years ago,
And by this cistern's verdant bank,
Free-thinkers met—as lilies grow,
And as the cypress—free and frank.

And each of them with haughty air,
And puffed by pomp of pride complete,
Has reached the Pointers of the Bear,
And on the stars has wiped his feet.

And from this garden—like the wind,
That blows at daybreak they have
gone,
And left the tracks of love behind,
For human kind to think upon.

¹ Of blood, may refer to the irruption of the Mongols under Hulagu.

² Not paraphrased by Count Schlechta.

بکشای چشم عبرت و هشدار کان گروه
رفتند اگر ستوده و گر ناستوده اند

در کشت زار خویش برآجیات خویش
تخمی که کشته اند بر آن ده دروده اند

Let eyes of wonderment be raised,
And let us recognize that they,
Whether bepraised, or unbepraised,
From Earth have disappeared for aye.

But in the field ¹ the seed they sowed,
And watered too from their life-spring,
From this same seed, so well bestowed,
Tenfold they reaped and home did bring.

SELF-RESTRAINT ✓

مرد باید که هر کجا باشد
عزت خویشتن نگه دارد
خود پسندی و ابلهی نکند
هر چه کبر و منیست بگذارد

A man must strive wherever he may be
To keep his honour free from any
stain ;
From folly and indulgence keeping free,
From pride and selfishness he must
refrain.

بطریقی رود که مردم را
سرموی ز خود نیازدارد
همه کس را ز خویش به داند
هیچکس را حقیر نشمارد

So let him live that he shall never wrong
His neighbour in the value of a hair ;
Others he shall prefer, his whole life long,
Before himself ; and none as *vile*
declare.

سرو زر در طلب نهد آنگه
تا مگر دوستی بدست آرد

His life and riches let him freely spend
That so—perchance, at last—he gain ²
a friend.

THE DUST-STORM

هر بلا که قضا بد باشد
بر بزرگان روزگار رسد
می نه بینی که صرصرار بوزد
چون باطراف جویبار رسد
سروهای کهن زبن بکند
کی ازو سبزه را غبار رسد

When evil Fate its baleful power spreads,
It falls at once upon the highest heads.
Dost thou not see the roaring storm-
wind burst
Upon the banks of mighty rivers first,
Uproot old cypress trees ³ with its fierce
gust
But feed the humble pasture lands with
dust.

¹ Another version reads : But in the field of the world (*dahr*). This version is literally : In *their own* field. A good deal may be said for either version. This last verse, though written so long ago, seems as applicable to-day as it ever was.

² Cf. Gray's *Elegy*, l. 124. *He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.*

³ Cypress trees are found on the banks of rivers (M).

A PICNIC PARTY

کنجی که درو گنجش اغیار نباشد
 برکس ز تو و بر تو زکس بار نباشد
 رودی و سرودی و حریفی دوسه یاری
 باید که عدد بیشتر از چار نباشد
 رودی و شرابی و کبابی و ربابی
 شرط است که ساقی بجز از یار نباشد
 عقل است که تمیز کند نیل و بد از هم
 او نیز درین کار به انکار نباشد
 و آنکس که شود منکر این کار که گفتم
 از عالم ارواح خبردار نباشد
 این دولت اگر دست دهد ابن یمین را
 با هیچکسی در دو جهان کار نباشد

A nook where strangers never find a place,
 Of awkward manners where there is no trace—
 A book and songs—companions two or three,
 But so that four the utmost number be—
 A running stream¹ and wine, baked meats and lute—
 The Saki too as friend must contribute,
 And must² distinguish twixt what's bad and good,
 And not refuse to act with promptitude,
 (He who declines to act as I disclose
 About the world of spirits nothing knows.)
 In this if Ibn Yamin is fortunate,
 In the two worlds he envies no one's state.

THE CHESS-PLAYER

مرد باید که در جهان خود را
 مثل شطرنج باز پندارد
 هرچه یابد از آن خصم برد
 و آنچه دارد نگاه می دارد

In this great world a man should think himself
 As a chess-player in a game of chess,
 From his opponent taking all he can,
 And firmly holding all he doth possess.

LIFE'S FAILURES —

ای دوستان بکام دلم نیست روزگار
 آری زمانه دشمن اهل هنر بود
 سہلست اگر جفا کشم از دور یوفا
 زحمت نصیب مردم والا گہر بود
 بر آسمان ستاره بود بیشمار لیل
 پنج کسوف بر دل شمس و قمر بود

My life, O friends, fails in my heart's desire,
 Perchance these times against the wise conspire.
 If faithless Fortune girds at me—how then?
 To suffer is the fate of high-souled men.
 Unnumbered stars in heaven's vault appear,
 The sun and moon alone eclipse endure ;

¹ Compare FitzGerald's *Rubáiyát*, quatrain xii, fourth edition, and Háfiz, p. 335. The text of the reference to Háfiz is given in the Appendix.

² Count Schlegel omits this and the three following lines.

رسمیست در زمانه که هر کم بضاعتی
 ز اهل هنر بمرتبهها بیشتر بود
 در یاصفت که منصب خاشاک اندر او
 بالای عقد گوهر و سلک درر بود

هر که در اصل بد نهاد افتاد
 هیچ نیکی از او مدار امید
 زانکه هرگز نتوان ساخت
 از کلاغ سیاه باز سفید
 دوز نوازی مکن که می نشود
 در ضیا هیچ ذره چون خورشید
 هر که دور چرخ جامی داد
 با بصارت نگشت چون جمشید
 ید را گر پرورند چو عود
 بر نیاید نسیم عود از ید

ای دل از چند در سفر خطر است
 کس سفر بیخطر کجا یابد
 آنچه اندر سفر بدست آید
 مرد آن در حضر کجا یابد
 هر که چون سایه گشت گوشه نشین
 تابش ماه و خورشید کجا یابد

And silly fools by custom's strange
 decrees
 Than men of parts rank higher—by
 degrees ;
 As rubbish floating on the sea doth go—
 While pearls ¹ lie sunk in sunless depths
 below.

CAN A LEOPARD CHANGE HIS SPOTS
 From one whose nature happens to be
 base
 Expect not uprightness in any case.
 For by no effort are you able quite
 To change a dusky crow to falcon white.²
 And cherishing the base avoid and shun,
 No atom can be brilliant like the sun.
 No one to whom the Heaven gave as
 meed
 A cup—in divination was Jamshid.³
 However much we cultivate the sallow
 We never get the perfume of the aloe.⁴

THE ADVANTAGES OF TRAVEL ⁵

My heart ! If dangers great in travel be
 How can one travel and no dangers see ?
 That which is gained by travellers who
 roam—
 Where can they gain as much who stay
 at home ?
 If like a shadow men a grotto love,
 How can they see the sun and moon
 above ?

¹ Pearls. Cf. Gray's *Elegy*, ll. 53-4.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
 The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear."

² Falcon white. Of the famous strain that is captured in the Jebel Ethlib near Medain Sâlih, and is known in Arabic as *sagar*. See my edition of 'Omar Khayyâm, p. 72, note.

³ Jamshid. See FitzGerald's note on the fifth stanza of his *Rubdîyât*. Jamshid's seven-ringed cup was typical of the seven heavens, seven planets, seven seas, etc., and like Joseph's cup was a divining cup. See Gen. xlv, 5 and 15.

⁴ The wood of the aloe is burnt as incense.

⁵ Count Schlechta has several lines in addition.

وآنکه در بحر غوطه می نخورد
 سلب درّ و گهر کجا یابد
 گر هنرمند گوشه گیر بود
 کام دل از هنر کجا یابد
 باز کز آشیان برون نبرد
 بر شکاری ظفر کجا یابد

And he who fears into the sea to dive¹
 Whence hopes he pearls and jewels to
 derive?
 And if a well-skilled man stays in his
 home
 From all his skill what benefit can
 come?
 The falcon that his aerie ne'er deserts,
 His power to capture game in vain
 asserts.

FATE'S PERVERSITY² ✓

طالعی دارم آنکه از پی آب
 چون روم سوی بحر برگردد
 ورز دوزخ طلب کنم آتش
 آتش ازین فسرده تر گردد
 قدیمی چند گر بسوزه نهم
 سبزه فی الحال نیست تر گردد
 وز زمین گر طلب کنم کف خال
 خال فی الحال نرخ زر گردد
 ور زکوه التماس سنگ کنم
 سنگ نایاب چون گهر گردد
 گر کنم عرض حال پیش کسی
 هردو گوشش بحکم کر گردد
 این چنین حالهاش پیش آید
 هرکه زو روزگار برگردد
 بهمه حال شکر ابن یمن
 که مبادا ازین بتر گردد

If costly pearls I seek—my Fate is so,
 That as I near the sea, it back doth go.
 From Hell if fire I crave—Lo! in a trice
 'The fire of Hell is frozen hard as ice.
 And if perchance I step upon the grass,
 The grass is turned to lancets as I pass.
 If from the ground a little earth I'd take,
 The market price at once like gold they
 make.
 If from a mountain stone I would fetch
 down,
 The stone is rare—as jewels of a crown.
 When to some Minister I show my fears,
 A sudden deafness closes both his ears.
 Such things occur when Fate becomes
 adverse,
 But Ibn Yamin thanks God it is not
 worse.

SCOLDING

مباش در پی آزار خاطر مردم
 که نزد اهل خرد زین بتر نیباشد
 اگر هوای خردمندی و هنر داری

Refrain from scolding if a man thou art,
 For a wise man this fault most evil deems.
 If wisdom's love is found within thy
 heart

¹ Compare Háfiz, p. 217.² Not paraphrased by Count Schlechta.

بگوش گیر کزین خوبتر نمی باشد
 بعیب خویش نظر کن اگر خرد مندی
 که عیب چینی^۲ مردم هنر نمی باشد

Listen to this, for nothing better seems :—
 "Thine own deficiencies cloak not nor
 hood,
 "For finding fault is void of any good."

LIVING AND DYING

پنج روزی که حیات است چنان باید زیست
 با خلاق که کم و بیش ثنای^۱ ارزد
 وقت رفتن چورسد نیز چنان باید رفت
 که زیگانه و از خویش دعائی ارزد

Whilst the five days of life ¹ you spend,
 So live that you may earn men's praise.
 And when of living comes the end,
 Go, so that men ² a prayer upraise.

INSCRUTABLE FATE ³

با خرد گفتم ای مدبر کار
 کس بدانش چوتو نشان ندهند
 چیست حکمت که از خزانه غیب
 قوت یل شب به نیکوان ندهند
 نجسیسان دهند نعمت و ناز
 اهل دل را امان جان ندهند
 آنچه با حاسدان سفاک دهند
 با بزرگان خورده دان ندهند
 گنج قارون دهند دونان را
 با هنر پیشه نیم نان ندهند
 کج روان را دهند خرمنها
 برگ کاهی به راستان ندهند
 مگسان را دهند شکر و قد
 به همائی جز استخوان ندهند

I said to Wisdom : "Thou whom men
 have shown
 To be supreme—whose peer is quite
 unknown !
 Why from thy hidden store an evening's
 food
 Is oft denied the worthy and the good ?"
 "The mean are cherished with a soothing
 hand,
 'The brave must risk their lives at thy
 command."
 "That which they give the envious and
 low
 The great and learned must perforce
 forego."
 "And Korah's wealth ⁴ upon the base
 they spend—
 To sons of art not half a loaf ⁵ they send."
 "Harvests in plenty nourish the perverse,
 'To upright men no straw ⁶ do they
 disburse."
 "While noisome flies may batten sweets
 among,
 To the rare Phoenix ⁷ only bones are
 flung."

¹ A mode of expressing the transitoriness of life common among Muslim poet.

² Men. Lit. *From strangers and relatives your departure is worthy of a prayer.*

³ Count Schlechta's paraphrase little resembles the text.

⁴ Korah's wealth. Korah, the cousin of Moses, is said by the Muslims to have been very rich and avaricious. According to them he was swallowed up by the Earth at Moses' command for refusing to tithe his property for the use of the tabernacle. See also note on p. 30 below.

⁵ Note the pun in the Persian text.

⁶ Lit. *not a blade of grass.*

⁷ The Humá, usually translated Phoenix; a bird of Eastern fable, of happy omen.

عقل گفت این حدیث نشیندی
هرکرا این دهند آن ندهند

And Wisdom said : "The saying is well known
To each a portion—and to each his own."¹

ردیف رای مهمله

Rhyming in Rá (undotted)

CHOOSING A FRIEND ✓

ای پسر همنشینی اگر خواهی
همنشینی طلب ز خود بهتر
زانکه در نفس همدم از همد
نقش پیدا شود بخیر و بشر
مثل اخگر که باهمه گرمی
سرد گردد بوصل خاکستر
ورچه باشد فسرده طبع انگشت
چون آتش رسد شود اخگر
گر تو خواهی که نیک نام شوی
دور باش از بدان عزیز پدر

My son ! If you would have a friend,
Than thine own self a better find.
For friends who live together tend,
For good or bad, to live combined.
As embers, spite of heat, expend
With ashes mixed, the heat that burned.
And charcoal dull with fire we blend,
And is to glowing embers turned.
If in your name you would be glad,
My dearest turn from what is bad.

A PRAYER FOR PARDON ² ✓

کردگارا بعداب ارچه بسی نزدیک
از در مغفرت خویش مردانم دور
ظلمت معصیتم نور و نوا برده زکار
بکرم باز رسان از ظلماتم سوی نور
عفو و غفران چوهم از جمع صفات است ترا
که به هنگام خودآیند یگایک بظهور
گر نه بخشی گنه ماکه ظلومیم و جهول
بچه داند خلائق که عفوئی و غفور

My God ! Approaching torments³
threaten me to-day,
Then from Thy mercy's gate turn me
not far away.
The blackness of my sins eclipsed for me
the light,
In mercy bring me back to Thy
effulgence bright.
Since pardon and forgiving grace to thee
pertain
And unconstrained from time to time
appear again,
To those who greatly err—if pardon be
not shown
As the *Great Pardoner*⁴ then how shalt
Thou be known.

¹ Lit. *To each one they give this, not that.* Cf. Qurán [lxxx] xxxix, 60. *God lavisheth supplies on such of his servants as he pleaseth, or giveth them by measure.*

² Not paraphrased by Count Schlechta.

³ Torments. The Qurán (especially the early suras) is persistent as to the torments that will shortly overcome the wicked and unbelievers.

⁴ Here *ghafūr* is equivalent to *ghaffār*, i.e. the *Great Pardoner*. One of our greatest Orientalists and Travellers on this subject has remarked : The soul of these Semites cleaveth to the dust, but their religious confidence is in a heaven nigh them. The . . . Semitic spirit leans upon Ullah in devout quiescence. He translates *Ullah er Rahmán er Rahim* (not *nir-Rahim* as the Indians and Persians pronounce it) the *Mild-hearted God yearning with mercy and pity.* See Doughty's *Arabia Deserta*, chap. xviii.

CHOOSE A HERMITAGE ¹ ✓

ای دل ازین جهان دل آزار در گذر
 وز تنگنای گنبد دوار در گذر
 کار جهان نه لایق اهل بصیرت است
 فرزانه وار از سر این کار در گذر
 در بحر غم ز حرص چو غواص شوخ چشم
 غوطه مخور ز گوهر شهوار در گذر
 بر طور همت ارندهندت جواب هیچ
 ترل سوال گیر و ز دیدار در گذر
 گر کاخ نه رواق ز راندودت آرزوست
 زین پنج پا برون نه و زین چار در گذر
 دار غرور نیست مقام قرار تو
 منصوروار از سر این دار در گذر
 با مار بهر مهره کسی دوستی نکرد
 بر کن طمع ز مهره و از مار در گذر
 چون میتوان بگلشن روحانیان رسید
 سعی نما و زین ره پر خار در گذر
 ابن یمن نشیمن قدس است جای تو
 زین آشیان چو جعفر طیار در گذر
 صد بار گفتمت که نه مرد این مقام
 چون صدق من یقین شدت این بار در گذر

My heart! From Earth, thy sordid home, depart,
 From this constricted wheeling dome ² depart.
 The world is quite unfit for men of art ³
 As wisdom teaches from its works depart.
 As wanton divers dive ⁴ into the sea
 Of troubles—do not plunge, but pearls let be;
 Although of kingly worth, yet not for thee.
 If you aspire ⁵ and men no answer give,
 Cease from discussion—as a hermit live.
 A palace of nine ⁶ porches gilded o'er—
 Is this your wish? Then leave the five and four.⁷
 The abode of pride ⁸ no resting place you find—
 Like tortured Mansur ⁹ leave the cross behind.
 A snake is not a friend for its rich stone ¹⁰;
 Your greed uproot—and leave the snake alone.
 The holy garden ¹¹ opens to your heart,
 Try hard and from this thorny road depart.
 Son of Yamin! Since holy is thy seat ¹²
 Depart from hence like flying Ja'far ¹³ fleet.
 How often spake I, "This is not thy home."
 My truth is known. Now go and further roam.

¹ Count Schlechta deals with this in a very incomplete manner.

² Wheeling dome. Lit. *From the confinement of the wheeling dome.*

³ Men of art. Lit. *men of vision.*

⁴ Compare Háfiz, p. 29.

⁵ Aspire. Lit. *If on the mount of aspiration you get no answer.* The reference is to Moses on Mount Sinai (*Tur*) speaking with God. *Qurán* [lxxxvii] vii, 138 (M).

⁶ Compare Háfiz, p. 377. *Shash rawdg.*

⁷ Five and Four. Refers to the five senses (*Ḥawwas-i-khamsah*) and the four elements (*ʿAndāsir-i-arbaʿah*) (M).

⁸ The abode of pride, i.e. the world.

⁹ Manšur. A schismatic who held that he was a partner in the Godhead. Was crucified. Cf. Háfiz, p. 140.

¹⁰ The snake was supposed to carry a jewel in its head.

¹¹ Lit. *the garden of the spiritual.*

¹² Seat. Lit. *nest.*

¹³ Flying Ja'far. The reference is to Ja'far bin Abi Tálíb, named *taiyár* or flying because the Prophet said he saw him after his death flying with the angels (M).

CHRIST AND THE WORLD

شنیدم که عیسی علیه السلام
تضرع کنان گفت کای کردگار
جمال جهان فریبنده را
چنانچه افریدی بچشمم درآر

برین آرزو چند گاهی گذشت
همی کرد روزی بدشتی گذار
زنی را در آن دشت از دور دید
نه اغیار با اورفیک و نه یار

بدو گفت عیسی که تو کیستی
چنین دور مانده ز خویش و تبار
چنین داد پاسخ که من آن زخم
که کردی مرا مدتی انتظار

چو بشنید عیسی شگفت آمدش
مرا گفت با صحبت زن چه کار
بپوزش در آمد زن آنگاه گفت
جهان است نام من ای نامدار

مسیحا بدو گفت بنمای روی
که تا برچه دلها ترا شد شکار
بزد دست و برقع ز رخ بر فگند
براو کرد راز نهان آشکار

یکی گنده پیری سیه روی دید
ملوث بصد گونه عیب و عوار
بچون اندرون غرقه یکدست دید
دگر دست کرده بچنا نگار

Jesus, on whom be ever peace most fair,
Once made to God a humble earnest
prayer,
"The beauty of the world, as made by
Thee,
Deceitful as it is, grant me to see."

In this desire some days He vainly spent,
Then towards the desert turned his face,
and went,
And from afar a woman he espied
Without a friend or stranger by her side.

Then Jesus asked what was her name
and kin,
That thus alone the desert wandered in.
And she replied : "That woman they
call me
Whom for a long while you have wished
to see."

When Jesus heard—He stood in great
amaze,
For "what care I", said He, "for
women's ways?"
Then she excused herself and said : "My
name
As the Great World is known—O man
of fame."

Then said the Christ : "Your beauty
now display,
As that for which men's hearts became
your prey."
She raised her hand and threw her veil
aside,
And thus His eyes her hidden form
descried.

An old, decrepid, black beldame he sees,
Defiled with blemishes, defects, disease.
One hand was seen to drip with human
gore,
The other was with henna painted o'er.

مسیحش پرسید کاین حال چیست
 بگو با من ای قبه خاکسار
 چنین گفت کاین لحظه یل شوی را
 بدین دست کشتم زارئی زار

دگر دست را زان حنا بسته ام
 که شوی دگر شد مرا خواستار
 چو بردارم این را بقر از میان
 بلطف آن دگر گیرم اندر کنار

شگفت آنکه با این همه شوهران
 هنوزم بیکارت بود بر قرار
 ز راه تعجب مسیحاش گفت
 که ای زشت رو قبه نابکار

چگونه بیکارت نشد زایلست
 که داری فزون شوهران از شمار
 پاسخ چنین گفت آن گنده پیر
 که ای زبده و قدوه روزگار

گروهی که کردند رغبت بمن
 از ایشان ندیدم یکی مرد کار
 کسانی که بودند مردان مرد
 نگشتند گرد من از تنگ و عار

چو حالم چنین است با شوهران
 اگر بکر مانم شگفتی مدار

تو نیز ای برادر مرا این قصه را
 همی دار ز ابن مین یادگار
 زمردی اگر هیچ داری نصیب
 بدین قبه رغبت مکن زینهار

Then said the Christ: "Explain this if
 you can,
 The cause make known, O vilest
 courtesan!"
 And she replied: "By this red hand
 was slain
 Just now a wooer—Oh! The grief and
 pain!"

"The other hand I have with henna
 dyed,
 Because another husband sought my side.
 If in my wrath the first to nought I bring,
 The second I embrace and to him cling."

"The marvel is with wooers numberless,
 Virginity intact I still possess."
 Astounded now the Christ to speak
 began:
 "O ugly and displeasing courtesan!"

"How can your maidenhood remain intact
 Since crowds of wooers seek you out in
 fact?"
 And that old beldame answer made
 straightway:
 "O cream of all the models of the day!"

"The eager crowd that makes its court
 to me—
 —Amongst them all a man I ne'er did
 see.
 The people that as *heroes* made their
 name,
 Have never sought me out—from very
 shame."

"With wooers things are as I now explain
 What wonder if a *Virgin* I remain."

'Thou also, Brother, as regards this tale
 Remember him who told it without fail.
 If thou hast any manliness, O man!
 Beware thou follow not this courtesan.

THREE OBJECTS IN LIFE¹

اهل خرد که دنیء فانی طلب کنند
جز بر سه چیز نیست در آن جای شان نظر
یا بر کمال عزت و یا اکتساب مال
یا بر حصول راحت این نفس خیره سر
خواهی که دسترس بودت بر مراد دل
بشنو بگوش جان زمن این پند معتبر
گر آرزو عزت جاوید بایدت
برکن دل از جهان که متاعیست مختصر

وز بهر سیم و زر پی دنیا همی روی
باری بگوش تا بودت عقل راهبر
پایت مگر بکنج قناعت فرو رود
تا در گفت چو خال شود بی عیار زر
ور میل خاطرت سوی آسایش تن است
پس جان خود مکن سپر ناول خطر
زحمت مکش که روزی خلقان مقدر است
آرا بجهد خود نتوان کرد بیشتر

ردیف شین

دشمن خرد را حقیر مدار
خواه بیگانه گیر و خواهی خویش
زانکه چون آفتاب مشهور است
آنچه گفتند زیرکان زین پیش
که ز رخ بلند قد ناید
آنکه سوزن کند به پستی خویش

In this world's passing show, men that
are wise,

On three things only fix their wistful eyes ;

On perfect honour—wealth—or ease
from strife

Whereby to gratify the sensuous life.

If you require help in your device,

Let your soul listen to my sound advice.

Eternal honour if you would obtain

First rid your soul of this world's short-
lived gain.

And if for riches you the world would
court,

With wisdom's guidance let your work be
wrought.

Nathless your foot must tread content's
retreat,

And gold to you as dust seem counterfeit.

If you incline towards ease—like sensuous
men—

Be not the mark² of danger's arrow then.

Toil not too much for increase in your
store,

That fated is—nor can you make it more.

*Rhyming in Shīn*DESPISE NOT YOUR ENEMY¹

A feeble enemy do not condemn,

If stranger he, or of the self-same stem.

For it is manifest as the sun's light,

What able men of old have said aright,

A mighty spear may cause far less distress,

'Than a small needle by its littleness.

¹ Paraphrased by Count Schlechta in his first edition only.

² Lit. *Do not make your body a shield (to be struck) by the arrow of danger (M).*

کسی که لاف بزرگی همی زند بنگر
 که تا چگونه کند پیش عقل اثباتش
 گرش مروت و مردی بود ازو پذیر
 وگرنه روی بگردان ز حشو و طاماش
 کس که با تونکوی کند چو بتوانی
 در استالت او کوش و در مراعاتش
 وگر بدی کند اورا روزگار سپار
 که روزگار کند بهر تو مکافاتش

از حسد نااهل ار گوید بدی
 زان بود کزمن بدل دردیستش
 حاسد ان هستند و مارا بال نیست
 بی هنر آنکس که حاسد نیستش

صنعت کیمیا اگر خواهی
 با تو گویم که چیست اکسیرش
 کیمیا می کشد بقلابی
 نیست توفیر او چو تقصیرش

گر ترا گنج سیم وزر باید
 من بگویم که چیست تدیرش
 دهفت پشه گیر و قانع شو
 تابه بینی که چیست تاثیرش
 آن فواید که اندرین کار است
 عقل عاجز شود ز تقریرش
 از یکی هفتصد شود حاصل
 بنگر اینک باصل و توفیرش

THE BOASTER ✓

Observe the man who boasts himself as
 great,
 Whether his reasons are quite adequate.
 With truth and courage—he is free from
 blame;
 Without them—turn away from his false
 claim.
 If anyone acts kindly—when you can
 Try to win over, and respect that man;
 If badly—let his Fate for his offence
 Deal with him as it will—in recompense.

THE ENVIOUS

If by the envious I have been maligned,
 It is because he knows my Fate is kind.¹
 Of the mean man why should I fearful be?
 Who has no merit—has no enemy.

TRUE ALCHEMY ²

If for alchemy you care,
 The elixir³ I will declare.
 To cheating it will make you prone,
 For losses, not for profits known.
 If you want gold, and silver too,
 I will explain what you must do.
 To till the soil contented be
 That you the great results may see.
 The benefits you reap this way,
 Are more than mortal tongue can say.
 From one comes seven hundred fold.
 The source and increment behold!

¹ Lit. *It is because from me his heart is pained.*

² The elixir. The same word in Arabic, *Iksir*.

² Count Schlechta's paraphrase is very attractive.

بیش ازین هست هم ز رحمت حق
هم ز تقصیرت است تاخیرش

God's mercy too may more display,
And from your faults ¹ springs His delay.

ردیف کاف

Rhyming in Káf

CANT ~

زهی ابله کسی کو بهر مرده
کند با زندگان عهد خود جنگ
کسی کو باز نشاند بد از نیل
بود واجب گریز از وی بفر سنگ

How foolish for a friendship with the
dead ²
To fall out with your living friends
instead.
Who good and bad cannot discriminate
If kept a mile away deserves his fate.

بتاج خسروی کی نازد آنکس
که از تابوت یاد آرد باورنگ
مرائی زیستن در پیش خلقان
بود تزویر نزد اهل فرهنگ

He who, enthroned, a kingly crown doth
wear,
What pride is his when thinking on his
bier?
The unreal life as real the crowd
maintains,
But for the wise deceptive it remains.

تو تا در بند نام و ننگ باشی
نخواهی باز رست از مجلس ننگ
گرت آسایش کونین باید
باید شست دست از نام و از ننگ
نظر ابن یمن گوی³ برین داشت
که برزد شیشه⁴ تزویر بر سنگ

Whilst you are bound "by honour and
by name"
You will not free yourself from men of
shame.
The comfort of both worlds you would
command?
From false ambition's stain ³ then wash
your hand.
And Ibn Yamin had this in view alone
When he deception's glass ⁴ smashed on
a stone.

¹ Your faults. Count Schlechta suggests *from slothfulness in sowing*, rightly, I think.

² With the dead, i.e. *with the dead world*. The reference is to the Hadith, *the world is a carcass and those that seek it are dogs*. The Arabic will be found in the Appendix (M). Or possibly the poet refers to a dispute that arose among two sections of the followers of Shaykh Khalifa and Shaykh Hasan Juri. This view is held by Rashid-i-Yásimi, who says that in their eagerness to kiss the stones of the sepulchres the common people used to come to blows and murder one another. At last, in order to stop the rioting, the last Sultán of the Sarbadár had the tombs made into a privy for the market people. See Rashid-i-Yásimi, pp. 108-9.

³ As every schoolboy knows, Milton calls "fame" (the object of ambition) *that last infirmity of noble minds* (Lycidas).

⁴ Deception's glass. *Cant.*

STEADFASTNESS ✓

مرد ثابت قدم آنست که از جا نرود
گرچه سرگشته بود گرد زمین همچو فلک
همچو سیمرخ که از جا نبرد طوفانش
نه چو کنجش که افتد بدم باد تفل

بهره از ملک هست و نصیب از دیو
ترک دیوی کن و بگذر بفضیلت زمل
نقد امروز مده نسیه فرداستان
که یقین را ندهد مردم فرزانه بش

پیروی خردت روی ظفر بکشاید
که خرد بر سپه هستی وهن است یزل
بخرد راه توان برد بسوی درجات
که خدا گفت که عاقل نبود از اهل درل

مائل مال مشو ابن یمین علم طلب
کز تو یکدم نشود در غم و شادی منفل
علم دادند بادریس و بقارون زروسم
شد یکی فوق سہا و دیگری تحت سمل

A man is he who stands firm on the ground,
Though Earth like Heaven itself confused turn round.
Him Phoenix-like¹ the storm moves not at all,
Unlike the sparrows that from blow pipes fall.

Angel and devil mingle in thine heart,
Avoid the devil—choose the angel's part.²
Enjoy to-day. To-morrow? Let it be
Why take in barter doubts³ for certainty?

Who follows Wisdom gains the victor's meeds;
Of our frail lives Knowledge the army leads,⁴
And wisdom is the path of rank as well,
Has not God said: "The wise are not from Hell."⁵

Seek not for wealth but wisdom, Ibn Yamin,
In grief and joy it ever near has been.
Idris⁶ had wisdom, Kárun⁷ gold in heaps
The first above the Fish⁸—the second under⁹ sleeps.

¹ Phoenix-like. Lit. *Simurgh*. See p. 1 and note 2.

² Angel's part. Lit. *Pass to excellence from the angel*.

³ Doubts. Compare FitzGerald's *Rubáiyát*, stanzas xii, first edition, and xiii, second edition. *Ah! Take the cash, etc.* The literal meaning is: *Do not give away the cash of to-day. Do not take to-morrow's credit.*

⁴ Knowledge the army leads. The meaning is that as an army is disciplined and led by its commander, so Wisdom or Knowledge disciplines and leads the army of vain desires that form our frail existence (M).

⁵ "The wise are not from Hell." According to Count Schlechta a dictum from the verbal traditions of Muhammad.

⁶ Idris. The Arabic name for Enoch, who was said to walk with God (Gen. v).

⁷ Kárun. The Arabic name for Korah (Numbers xvi). According to the Muhammadan tradition Korah, who was very wealthy, refused to contribute towards the upkeep of the Tabernacle, and was swallowed alive in the earth. The story is that Korah became acquainted with one of three treasures concealed in Egypt by Joseph, and the keys of his treasure were a burden for three hundred white mules (Qurán [lxxix] xxviii).

⁸ The Fish, or fishes. Name of two stars.

⁹ Under the Fish. Under the fish, on which the Earth is supposed to rest. Hence the expression *as samák ta simak* means as wide apart as possible, and is nearly the same as the Persian *as máh tá ba máh*, as used by FitzGerald in his verse *taking all shapes from Máh to Máh*, see his *Rubáiyát*, li, of fourth edition.

ردیف لام Rhyming in Lám

MEN OF VISION ✓

با خبر باش که دنیا گذران است ای دل
خیز کاین خوابگاه بیخبران است ای دل
هریل از برگ بنفشه که دمد از دل خال
خال مشکین رخ سیمبران است ای دل

شاخ سنبل که سر از حیب زمین بردارد
جمع عنبر شکن خوشمنظران است ای دل
وقت در یاب که بس کاسه سرهای ملول
تفته در کارگاه کوزه گران است ای دل

بتکبر مرو و شوخی و شنگی بگذار
کاین سرکوچه صاحب نظران است ای دل
در همه کار پس و پیش نگهدار از آنل
خویش و بیگانه زهر سونگران است ای دل

بهمه خلق جهان خُلق پسندیده نمای
که سوی خلد برین راه بران است ای دل
گر نه بروفق مراد تو بود کار جهان
از جهان نیست ز دور قمران است ای دل

ای بسا کابن عین درگاه و یگه میگفت
که سعادت همه با بی هنران است ای دل
خود گرفتم که نمودی ید بیضا به سخن
نطق عیسی چه کنی دور خزان است ای دل

Take care! The world is passing by.
My heart!
And quit this bed where fools do lie.
My heart!
For every violet that blooms from earth,
Was once a mole¹ on cheeks of former
birth,
Musk scented, that bespoke a beauty's
worth.

And every hyacinth from out the ground,
Was once a ringlet that some forehead
bound
Of sweeter scent than ambergris. My
heart!
So make the most of time and do your part.
For many skulls of Monarchs² have
been passed
Through the hot flame of Potter's work-
shop blast.

Put pride away—in mirth take no
delight.
This is the street of men endowed with
sight.

In all your works be careful what you do,
For relatives and strangers watch you too.

To every class of people be polite,
For thus you keep the path of Heaven
in sight.
If in the world you do not prosper well,
Think not the world at fault—but the
moon's spell.³

How often I this lesson did impart
That joy is for unlearned folk, my heart!
And Moses' hand,⁴ I think you showed
in speech,
But what avails if Christ to asses preach?

¹ A mole. Compare FitzGerald's *Rubdydyt*, stanza xix, where the original of the poetic image is as here, a violet.

² Skulls of Monarchs. Compare FitzGerald's *Rubdydyt* under the heading *Kúzanáma*.

³ Two lines are here omitted, as little in keeping with the tenor of the piece.

⁴ Moses' hand, i.e. something marvellous. FitzGerald's note is as follows: "White hand of Moses" (Exodus iv, 6). Where Moses draws forth his hand, not according to the Persians *leprous as snow*, but white as our may blossom in spring perhaps. See his *Rubdydyt*, stanza iv.

ردیف میم *Rhyming in Mim*

BITTERNESS OF SOUL¹

سرگشته بهر دانه چه باشم چو آسیا
آمد بسان قطب که آر میدنم

As a millstone turns for grain,
So perplexed for food I turned,
As a millstone rests again,
On my pivot rest I earned.

تا چند باشد ای فلک دون ز جور تو
بهر دو نان بدرگه دونان دویدم

How long, O Heaven, to meanness wed,
Thy violence must me disgrace,
That I for lack of daily bread,²
Must haunt the forecourts of the base?

خال ار خورم به است ز نانی هزار بار
کارا باب روی باید خریدنم

If perforce we swallow dust,
That is better than that we
A loaf of barley purchase must
At the cost of dignity.²

گر لحم طیر میخورم از دست سفلگان
چون شحم حنظل است بگاه چشیدنم

If on flesh of birds we feed,
From the folk of sordid mind,
Like the bitter wild gourd's pulp
It will leave a taste behind.

خاطر ملول گشت مرا ز انتظار آنکه
تا کی بود بحضرت سلطان رسیدنم

My heart with sorrow suffered sore,
As I chafed at the delay.
How long must I wait before
The Sultan's presence see I may?

حقا که ملک شاه نیرزد بجملگی
گفتار سرد حاجب و دربان شنیدنم

As to the Sháh I must maintain
His kingdom is not worth for choice,
The rudeness of his Chamberlain
And harshness of the Porter's voice.

عنقاصفت بگوشه عزلت شدم که نیست
چون مرغ خانگی سر خواری کشیدنم

Like the Anqá³ far from men
I have found a cell elsewhere;
For unlike a common hen
Demeaning acts I cannot bear.

IN MEMORIAM⁴ —

روزی گذر فتاد مرا از قضای حق
بر منزلی که بود درو یار همدم
یاد آمدم ز عهد قدیم و وفای او
جائیکه او نهاد بصد نازکی قدم

By God's decree I visited once more,
The house where my great friend had
lived before;
Our ancient bond—his truth came to
my mind,
And how he sported—and his presence
kind.

¹ Not paraphrased by Count Schlechta.

² The puns in these lines may be noted.

³ Like the Anqá. See p. 1, note 2.

⁴ Count Schlechta's paraphrase is not at all like this text.

باریدم آب دیده و گفتم بسوز دل
 کایم خرمی شد و آمد زمان غم
 بی تو چو خار هیچ نماید بچشم من
 گر بگذرم بروضه رضوان و بر ارم

حقا که بنده ابن یمن را در آرزوت
 بر عمر مانده از پس تو هست صدنم
 اما همی دهد دل خود را تسلی
 کان چون گذشت بگذرد این دور نیز هم

The tears rained down and as in heart
 I burned,
 Alas ! I said, for joy to sorrow turned !
 "Since thou art gone nothing but thorns
 I see
 And e'en in paradise no roses bloom for
 me."

By God ! Thy love makes bootless Ibn
 Yamin,
 Ashamed to live when thou art no more
 seen ;
 But comfort gives in thinking as that
 friend
 Has passed before—these days shall like-
 wise end.

THE DRACHMA ¹

بجواب اندرون دوش دیدم درم
 بگفتم چرا می نیالی برم
 بگفتا که تو خوار داری مرا
 بدین و بدانم دهی از کرم
 بخیلان شناسند قدر مرا
 بنزد بخیلان روم لاجرم

Last night I saw a drachma in a dream,
 And said : "'Gainst me why do you
 rancour show ?"
 The answer came : "Because you hold
 me mean,
 And here and there in largess too
 bestow."
 "The misers know my true magnificence,
 'To them I go forthwith in conse-
 quence."

SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI ²

جهان بگشتم و آفاق سربسر دیدم
 نه مردمم اگر از مردمی اثر دیدم
 درین رواق زبرجد بجانۀ خورشید
 نوشته این سخن خوش بآب زر دیدم
 که ای بدولت دو روزه گشته مغرور
 مباش غره که از تو بزرگ تر دیدم

I journeyed thro' the world thro' its
 unending spaces,
 Of manliness no sign ³ I found in human
 races.
 Within this emerald porch where daily
 moves the sun ⁴
 These pithy ⁵ words I saw in golden
 letters done :
 "O thou on two days wealth puffed
 out with dignity
 Be not deceived, I saw a greater one
 than thee !

¹ Count Schlechta has not dealt with this fragment.

² Not paraphrased by Count Schlechta. Rashid-i-Yāsīmi says that these verses are included in a *Qasida* of Kamāl Ismā'īl and probably do not belong to Ibn Yamin. They are, however, found in the collated versions.

³ No sign. Lit. I am not a man if I saw traces of manliness.

⁴ Where daily moves the sun. Lit. In the mansion of the sun.

⁵ Pithy. An idiomatic meaning of *khush*.

کسی که تاج مرصع صباح بر سر داشت
نماز شام و را خشت زیر سر دیدم
ز حادثات جهانم همین پسند آمد
که خوب وزشت و بد و نیک در گذردیم

The morning's jewelled crown whoever
wore awhile,
At evening I beheld under his head a
tile."
From earthly happenings in this I
pleasure had,
Before me passed the fair, the plain, the
good, the bad.

روی در کوی عدم کرده ام ای باد صبا
یادگاری سخن چند رسان زان دهنم
تاری از پیرهنش بهر خدا سوی من آر
تا بدوزند بدان از پس مردن کفنم
بسکه در زندگی از خیل فراموشانم
چون بمرم که کند یاد در آن انجمنم

TOWARDS THE STREET OF NOTHINGNESS ¹

Towards the street of Nothingness
My face is set, O morning breeze!
Bring me words of pleasantness
From that mouth,² my mind to ease.

Braids that with her dress combine
In pity take³ and hither bring,
So my shroud they may entwine
When I pass from everything.

It is enough, with life endowed
I am forgetful of my kin.
But when I die and join that crowd
Who will remember me therein?

ردیف نون

Rhyming in Nún

THE PEN ✓

قلم را برتبت فزون دان ز تیغ
بود گرچه زو کم بنیروی تن
قلم کار فرمای اگر بایدت
که باشی سرافراز هر انجمن
نه بینی که از بهر وجه معاش
که محتاج آند هر مرد وزن
فرایش یکمرد صاحب قلم
بیایند صد مرد شمشیر زن

The pen hold higher than the sword in
its degree,
Altho' in strength less pleasing it may be.
And therefore keep to pen-work if you
would
Be first in meetings in your neighbour-
hood.
And for their livelihood, you may observe,
Both men and women have to make it
serve;
And know that one who wisely wields
the pen,
Confounds one hundred armed and
mighty men.

¹ Not paraphrased by Count Schlechta.

² That mouth. The mouth of a sweetheart.

³ In pity take. Lit. For God's sake take.

PATIENCE

یکچند شد که برهدف دل کمان چرخ
 تیراز کین کشاد و فرو بست کار من
 وز دورِ ناموافق و ایام مختلف
 آشفته شد چو زلف بتان روزگار من
 وز اختلاف گردش گردونِ دون نواز
 اغیار من شدست کنون یار غار من
 وز صرصرِ سموم و دم سرد حاسدان
 بی برگ و بی نوا چو خزان شد بهار من
 وز عقل کار دیده که در حلّ مشکلات
 رای و یست مؤتمن و مستشار من
 گفتم از آنچه میکشم از دهر شمه^۱
 زان پس که در گذشت زحد اضطرار من
 گفتا که مسپرا بن یمن جز طریق صبر
 کاین است در حوادث دهر اختیار من

صبح دمید ساقیا بزم صبح سازکن
 بر دل ما ز خرمی در ز بهشت بازکن
 گرچه که ناز برده^۲ ای بت نازنین زحد
 لیل خوش آیدم ز تو تازه در آئی و نازکن

A sudden arrow from the bow of Fate
 Shot from an ambush struck my heart ¹
 of late
 And ended all my plausible affairs.
 And from the wheel of Time that envy
 bears,
 And days that pass inimical to me,
 Like locks of idols ² beautiful to see,
 My life is twisted and entangled quite.
 From the contrariness of wheeling flight
 The Heavens, cherishers of mean and
 low,
 Have strangers made as friends of long
 ago,³
 And from the blowing of the scorching
 wind
 And the cold breath of men of evil mind,
 My Spring stands bare, as turned to
 Autumn drear.

Then with my wisdom great and vision
 clear,
 Of what I bore I uttered a complaint
 That it surpassed the limits of restraint.

The answer came: "Follow no path
 herein
 Except the path of patience, Ibn Yamin.
 Thus I would choose in this precarious
 state
 Since we are subject ⁴ to the whims of
 Fate."

THE WHITE FALCON AND THE
NIGHTINGALE ⁵

The day has dawned, O Saki! Let
 there be
 A feast of morning time—and open so
 The door of Heaven's happiness on me.
 Altho' thy blandishments unceasing
 grow,
 O idol of delight, much joy in them is
 mine,
 Then come again, with coyness
 entertain.

¹ My heart. Lit. *The target of my heart.*

² Idols. *That is beautiful women.*
³ Friends of long ago. Lit. *friends of the cave*, that is very intimate friends. In allusion to Abu Bakr, who was hidden in a cave with Muhammad before setting out on the flight to Madinah.

⁴ This line gives merely the implied meaning.

⁵ Not paraphrased by Count Schlechta.

ز آنچه بود زیادتى دست بآب رز بشوى
وز خبثات آرزو پال شو و نماز کن

باز سپید عقل را دیده چنین چه بسته^۱
تا بهوای دل رسی دیده^۲ باز باز کن

بلبل خوشنوا چنان در قفس از زبان بود
دم مزین و نشیمن از دست شهان چو باز کن

گر تو میخواهی که آری بهترین چیزی
بدست

یار یکدل به بود از هر چه یابی در جهان
ور نشان یار یکدل پیش رایت مبهم است
بشنو از ابن یمن تا باز گوید شرح آن
یار یکدل را نشان آن است کو باشد ترا
خال روی دوستان و خار چشم دشمنان
همچنین یاری کم افتد و ر بدست آید ترا
گر خرد داری نگه دارش گرامی تر ز جان

هر چند روزگار کند پست مرد را
از همت بلند شاید بکاستن
رزق تو چو از خزانه خالق مقدر است

As for the rest, with water of the vine¹
Thy hands make clean, and from
desires vain

Purging thy soul, thyself in prayer resign.
Why have you thus behooded the bright
eyes

Of Falcon white² well known as
"Reason sane" ?

But that her³ wings may reach the open
skies,

Where soars the soul, unbind her eyes
again.

The nightingale endures within a cage
The penalties of plaintive songs⁴ hesings.
Sing not at all. In sterner things engage ;
Like falcons perch upon the fists of
kings.

A FRIEND⁵ ✓

If you would gain what in the world is
best,

A single-hearted friend outweighs the
rest.

And if you wish to know what marks he
bears,

Then Ibn Yamin will show how he
appears.

What grace thou hast he should the
more adorn,⁶

In eyes of enemies become a thorn.

Such a true friend is rare. If such you
gain,

More dear than your own life his love
maintain.

HIGH THOUGHTS ✓

However much Fate makes your station
low,

The habit of high thoughts do not forego.

Your food is *fixed* from the Creator's store,⁷

¹ Water of the vine. Ceremonial ablutions with wine are supposed to make a man forget worldly gains. So notes Professor M. Mahfuz-ul Haq. See a quotation from an Urdu poet in the Appendix.

² Falcon white. A large falcon of the best strain. Cf. stanza xxvii of my edition of 'Omar Khayyám.

³ Lit. In order that *thou* mayest reach. I have kept to the 3rd person.

⁴ Plaintive songs. Cf. Vergil, Georg. iv, 13.

. at illa
Flet noctem ramoque sedens miserabile carmen
Integrat et maestis late loca questibus implet.

⁵ Not paraphrased by Count Schlechta.

⁶ The more adorn. Lit. *He should be a mole on the face of friends*, i.e. enhance their virtues (M).

⁷ Daily food. See note, p. 11.

دون همتی بود ز در خلق خواستن
بنشین بعزت از پی کاری و صبر کن
تأییش کس نبایدت از پای خاستن

How shameful then to beg from door
to door.
With calm and honour let your work be
done
So that you stand and serve not anyone.

A FOOL'S FACE¹

بدندان روی سندان بر دریدن
پچشم از کوه و صحرا خار چیدن
میان بیشه با شیران نشستن
بروی آب با مرغان پریدن
بمژگان گشت گردون بر سرکوه
بموزه بر سرگنبد دویدن
همه بر جان دانا خوشتر آید
که روی جاهلی از دور دیدن

An iron anvil with one's teeth to break,
From hill and dale to pick thorns with
one's eyes,
With birds o'er water pools a flight to
take,
To rest in jungle where a lion lies,
On mountain tops with eyelids to gyrate,
And booted on a dome to run and
rise;
To the wise soul, all these more pleasure
make
Than seeing a fool's face far off implies.

PILGRIMAGE² ✓

گفتم روم زیارت پیشینیان کم
باشد که راحتی رسد از روح شان بمن
عقلم شنید و گفت که بنشین بجای خود
واندر خطر بهره مینداز جان و تن
آخر ز زندگان بچه خلعت رسیده
تا گسترند در قدمت مردگان کفن

I said to tombs of ancient men I'll go,
Perhaps some peace may from their
spirits flow.
But Wisdom heard, and spake: "Stay
where you are,
Imperil not your life in dangers far."
"Have living men with honour clothèd
you
That the departed shrouds should offer
too?"

ردیف واو

Rhyming in Wāw

GIFTS ✓

بر هر که عطا پاشی باشی تو امیر او
وز هر که عطا جستی گشتی تو اسیر او
وانکس که نیاز خود بر وی نکنی عرضه
گر شاه جهان باشد باشی تو نظیر او

By gifts you shall become the King of all,
By seeking gifts you shall become their
thrall.
But if you ask for nought from any wight,
You are his peer—if kingly be his might.

¹ Count Schlechta's paraphrase differs greatly from our text.² Not paraphrased by Count Schlechta.

چرخ دولایست پنداری جهان
 بر مثال کوزه ها خلقان او
 فرقه سر سوی بالا میروند
 دامنی پر نعمت از احسان او
 باز جمعی را ز بالا سوی پست
 کف تهی می آورد دوران او
 زو مدار ابن یمین چشم وفا
 که اعتمادی نیست بر پیمان او
 زو طمع بر کن که هرگز کس نخورد
 لقمه بی استخوان از خوان او

چه کنی با فلک عتاب که من
 نیل بد حال گشتم از فن تو
 گر خموشی چو باز سیرت تُست
 دست شاهان بود نشیمن تو
 ور بر آری خروش چون بلبل
 هست زندان تنگ مسکن تو
 رو که گردون فراغتی دارد
 از بلند وز پست کردن تو
 هم ز خود ین اگر فتد روزی
 طوق یا غل نصیب کردن تو

دو قرص نان اگر از گندم است یا از جو
 سه تایی جامه گراز کهنه است یا از نو

THE PERSIAN WATER-WHEEL ¹

Like a great water-wheel the world we find,
 And people like the jars with it combined.
 Brimful of wealth the vessels upward go,
 Replete therefrom the margins overflow.
 Again a crowd we see, that downward
 press
 With hands all empty from its wheeling stress.
 Expect not faithfulness, son of Yamin !
 For he shall fail who puts his trust therein.
 Covet it not. To none can it afford
 A morsel without bones from its vile board.

AS YOU SOW, SO SHALL YOU REAP ✓

Why should you blame the firmament
 and say :
 "Thy sway ² for me distress and
 evil brings,"
 If like the falcon silence be thy way,
 Thy perch shall be upon the fists of
 kings.
 If you complain, ³ as nightingales do sing,
 Your dwelling place shall be a narrow
 cage.
 Go to ! For Heaven is neutral in this
 thing
 And your position never did presage.
 See from yourself, what fate you shall
 sustain—
 Upon your neck a jewel or a chain.

THE SIMPLE LIFE ✓

Two loaves of bread of wheat or barley
 meal,
 Three suits of clothes of pattern old
 or new ;

¹ Count Schlechta's paraphrase is very meagre.

² Thy sway. Lit. *From thy sway I became very distressed (nik badhāl) (M).*

³ Complain. See p. 36, n. 4.

به چار گوشهٔ دیوار خود بخاطر جمع
که کس نگوید از اینجا بنجیز و آنجا رو
هزار مرتبه بهتر بنزد ابن یمن
ز فر سلطنت کيقباد و کيخسرو

Four walls and corners where one free
may feel,
Where no one says "Get up! away
with you!"
To Ibn Yamin seems better a great deal
Than pomp of Kaiqubad and Kai-
khusru.¹

ردیف هاء

Rhyming in Há

VAIN PROPITIATIONS ²

هزار بار پیاده اگر بکعبه روی
که بر طریق توکل سپرده باشی راه
هزار مسجد اگر همچو مسجد اقصی
بدست رنج خود از خال برکشی از راه
هزار اسیر مسلمان متقی هر روز
به تیغ اگر برهانی ز کافر بد خواه
هزار برهنه و ر صد هزار گرسنه را
بکسب خویش گرایم کنی ز راه اله
ثواب این همه در جنب این گنه باد است
که از درونهٔ صاحب دلی بر آری آه

If as a pilgrim, putting trust in God,
A thousand times to Mecca you have
trod ;
If on the road from dust your hands
have framed,
A thousand fanes like that " remotest " ³
named.
If you with sword redeemed from Káfirs
sway,
A thousand godly Moslems ⁴ every day ;
If for God's sake you rescued with your
hands
A thousand naked, hungry folk in bands ;
Your gain—a wind—no sin will satisfy
In that from pious hearts you draw—
a sigh.

THE SIMPLE LIFE ⁵ ✓

کنجی و همدی و کتابی و خوردهٔ
از بهر ذوق نفس ز تاج و سریر به

For your own soul's delight,
Better than crown or throne,
A spot secluded quite
You'll chose ; where one alone
A book with you may share,
Partake your lowly fare.

¹ Kings of the Kai dynasty. Cf. FitzGerald's *Rubáiyát*, first edition, ix, etc.

² Not paraphrased by Count Schlechta.

³ *Masjid-i-aqsd*, the most remote temple, the temple at Jerusalem.

⁴ We read in the Qurán : *and who shall teach thee what the steep is ? It is to ransom the captive, or to feed in the day of famine, the orphan who is near of kin, or the poor that lieth in the dust*, [xviii] xc. See also Háfiz, p. 155, where he compares his mistress' kindness in writing to him as equivalent to the release of 200 slaves. The tenor of this fragment may be compared with verses by the Rev. R. H. Fronde in *Lyra Apostolica*, 1843 :—

" LORD, I have fasted, I have prayed,
And sackcloth has my girdle been."

* * * * *

" Yet think not prayer and fast were given
To make one step twixt Earth and Heaven."

⁵ Not paraphrased by Count Schlechta.

از بهر ستر عورت خای و خرقة
از اطلس مذهب و شعر حریره

از بهر دفع تشنگی از پاره سفال
آب مباح سرد ز جام عصیر به

حلوا و مرغ و تره اگر نیست گو مباش
صحت چو هست از همه نان فطیر به

وجه کفاف اگر بکف آید زدهقت
زرد خرد ز خدمت شاه و وزیر به

Your nakedness to hide
A girdle¹ will suffice.
All patched—and shreds beside,
Better than satin nice,
All wrought with threads of gold,
And silk scrolls manifold.

Your thirst to satisfy,
A broken earthen pot
With water cold supply,
And this you'll find I wot,
Better than squeezed grapes
From cups of pleasing shapes.

If fowls and sweets you lack
And herbs at your repast,
Then let them be—a snack
With bread will break your fast,
Where health itself is good,
Better than other food.

And if enough you find
From your farm management,
The wise are of one mind,
This is more excellent
Than service paid to Kings,
Wazirs—or other things.²

ردیف یای

Rhyming in Ya

ENVY AND MALICE

حاسد بدسکال را گفتم
که چرا نقص دوستان خواهی
آفتاب سعادت هرکس
که بتابد زوال آن خواهی
چه کنی این جهان فانی را
کش بصد آرزوی جان خواهی
من ز بهر حیات نان خواهم
تو حیات از برای نان خواهی

An envious person I addressed
Why do you wish your friends distressed ?
Why do you wish the rising sun
Of happiness for anyone
To set forthwith in gloom and dearth ?
What would you with this passing
Earth ?
That for yourself it may remain—
And you a hundred wishes gain ?
That I may live I wish for bread
You long for life—to eat instead.

¹ A girdle. Lit. an untanned skin. Compare St. Mark's description of St. John Baptist, *with a girdle of skin about his loins*.

² Implied. Not in text.

MY SHADOW ~

عزیزی مرا گفت برگو چه حال است
 که تنها بسر می بری روزگاری
 نه روزت بمجلس درآید حریفی
 نه شب در شبستان بود غمگساری
 بدو گفتم ای نازنین یار مشفق
 ازین غم منه بر دل خویش باری
 مصاحب نباید مگر بهر راحت
 چو زو رنج بینی نباید بکاری
 گرفتم گل و مل بوند اهل عالم
 ز من بشنو اوصاف این هردو باری
 محرب شدست اینکه باشد سرانجام
 ز گل زخم خاری و از مل خماری
 مرا سایه همسایه¹ خود تمام است
 کزو در جهان ناگزیر است باری
 که از من بشادی و غم برنگردد
 نخیزد میان من و او غباری
 جهان را کسی گر بغربال بیند
 بسر بر نیاید چو او رازداری
 چو ابن یمین ذوق این حال دانست
 گرفت از میان خلائق کناری

It happened that a friend of me inquired
 Why from the world I stayed alone—
 retired.
 "By day no friends assemble where you
 dwell,
 By night no mistress does your griefs
 dispel."
 To whom I answered: "Dearest friend,
 beware.
 Be not surprised at troubles that I bear.
 Except for peace no company I need,
 And friends that vex become no friends
 indeed.
 For friends, I know, resemble wine and
 roses,
 Hear while my tongue their attributes
 discloses."
 "‘Experto crede’ as your counsel take
 From roses—thorns—and from the cup
 headache."
 "For me as friend my shadow¹ is most
 stable
 For in the world it is inevitable."
 "Nor joy nor sorrow make it turn away,
 Between us two no mist obscures the day.
 If with a sieve you sift the world all thro’
 A better secret keeper ne’er you’ll view."
 "As Ibn Yamin the taste of it has tried
 From all of human kind he keeps aside."

FRIENDSHIP ~

چو روزگار بکام توگشت و دولت یار
 بکوش تا دل آزوده بدست آری
 مباش یکنفس از کار خویشتن غافل
 مگر که فرصت امکان ز دست بگذاری

When Time and Fate to you are very kind,
 A well-tried comrade to your bosom bind.
 Be quick and circumspect in this affair,
 And let no chance slip by you unaware.

¹ My shadow. Count Schlechta gives to the shadow the meaning of "God". But Ibn Yamin, following other poets, means that one's shadow is one's best companion (M).

از آنکسی که ز تو جست یاری امروز
روا بود که تو فردا طلب کنی یاری

For if to-day he friendship seeks from you
To-morrow you may seek his friendship too.

GIVING GIFTS

هر چه می بخشی بکس آنرا جزا از وی محبوی
آنچه میگوئی بکن و آنرا که کردی وامگوی
گر بدین سیرت توانی بود ای ابن یمین
همتی کن فرق فرقد را بزیر پی پوی

In giving gifts seek no return—and then
Act as you say—and hide your acts from men.

If thus, O Ibn Yamin, you're resolute,
You'll tread the stars of Heaven ¹ under-foot.

ADVICE IN CRISES ✓

با من پدر که باد پر از نور مرقدش
گفتا شنیده که چه خوش گفته عاقلی
هر گه که از حوادث گردونِ دون نواز
پیش ایدت ز نیک وز بد کار مشکلی
یا در پناه همّت صاحب دلی گریز
یا التجا نا باقبال مقبل

Thus spake my Father (may he rest in light)

How well a certain wise man spoke perhaps you know—
Whene'er from the base wheel of Heaven's flight

A crisis good or bad your way may go,
Fly for protection to a man of God ²
Or join in prayer with God's own chosen one.³

AVOID THE IGNOBLE

ز مخلوق کاری کشایش نگیرد
دل اندر خدا بند اگر کار خواهی
مدوگرد هر در بامید خرمن
چه فخری بود کز ره عار خواهی
جناب امیر و وزیر ان نیرزد
که از حاجب بار شان بار خواهی
ز ناجنس بگریز گر آفتاب است
ترا سایه توبس ار یار خواهی
بوحدت بسر بر که راحت درین است
اگر گلشن عیش ییخار خواهی

In tangled businesses God's creatures fail,
Only by trust in Him shall you prevail.

Run not to every door for daily food,
What honour if thro' shame you make it good?
For entrance to a court may seem too dear,

If a base porter's rudeness we must bear.
Shun the ignoble—if he be the sun,
As friend—your shadow will suffice for one.

In solitude rejoice—peace kept in sight—
Devoid of thorns—a garden of delight.

¹ The stars of Heaven. Lit. *The summit of Farqad*, i.e. of a certain star near the North Pole. Line 3 in this *gita* is taken from "E".

² A man of God. *Sahib dilli*. As Háfiz says. See Appendix.—(M)

³ Chosen of God. *Muqbil* (M).

چو مرکز درین دایره پای بفشار
چه سرگشتگی همچو پرکار خواهی
کزین خلق امید مهر آنچنان است
که آب حیات از لب مار خواهی

Let not your feet within this circle ¹ stray
Nor like a compass falter in the way.
For from such people you may kindness
take
As soon as living water ² from a snake.

MARRIAGE ³ ✓

ای برادر بشنو از من تا توانی زن نخواه
گرهمی خواهد دلت کز زندگانی بر خوری
صبر کردن مرد را بر بی زنی آسانتر است
زانکه بر تکلیف زن باید نمودن صابری
گرچه تزویج است سنت لیل گرداری خرد
اندرین ره فرض دان کردین عیسی نگذری
ور درین داری تردّد حال عیسی را به بین
چون ززن بگذشت شد بر طارم نیلوفری

My brother—Hear from me advice
Postpone your seeking for a wife,
Even if your heart entice
To enjoy the fruit of life.
For a man may better bear
All the ills of singleness,
Than pursued by married care,
Show a patient willingness.
Though marriage is permissible,⁴
Yet wisdom teaches you to know,
Within this path it binding is,
From Christ's example not to go.
But if in this you hesitate,
Think what befell the Christ thereby,
From women how emancipate,
The azure ⁵ dome he entered high.

PLATO ⁶

یکی پرسید ز افلاطون بگاه نزع کای دانا
کجا دفنت کنم روزی که روی از خلق برتابی
بر آورد از جگر آهی حکیم زنده دل و آنکه
بگفتش دفن کن هر جا که خواهی گر مرا یابی

As Plato lay a-dying
One made a last request
Where he would buried be.

And Plato deeply sighing
Thus issued his behest:
"Wherever I am found
There shalt thou bury me."

گر از خود آگهی یابی بکوی نیستی در شو
که تو در عالم هستی نه بیداری نه در خوابی

"If thou *thyself* dost know,
Of nothingness the street
Thou mayest enter so.
For in the world of being
Not quite asleep
Nor yet awake and seeing
Bewildered ⁷ thou must go."

¹ Circle. Probably the world. *As the centre plant your legs firmly* (M).

² Living water. Lit. *The water of life from the lip of a snake.*

³ Not paraphrased by Count Schlechta.

⁴ Is permissible. The reference is to the well-known hadith. See Appendix (M).

⁵ Azure. Lit. *of the colour of the water-lily.*

⁶ Count Schlechta seems to have added two lines of Plato's philosophy that are not in the text.

⁷ In the same way I have added the word *bewildered* as implied.

COLD COMFORT

مرا گفتند جمعی مهربانان
 چو دیدندم ز غم در اضطرابی
 که خوش میباش کز دوران گردون
 عمارت باز یابد هر خرابی
 کشیدم از جگر آهی و گفتم
 بدان روشن دلان نیکو جوابی
 چه سود آنگه که ماهی مرده باشد
 که باز آید بجوی رفته آبی

When I was overcome with sore heart-
 ache
 My friends approached to comfort me
 and spake :
 " Be not downcast, for by the changing
 Fate
 Old ruins are rebuilt into their former
 state."
 I heaved a sigh in my unhappy mood,
 And gave my clever friends an answer
 good :—
 " Of what advantage when a fish¹ is
 dead
 Is water that returns whence it has fled ? ”

BEGGARS ON HORSEBACK ✓

سیرت آزادگان از سفلگان هر گز مجوی
 کی بود چون سرو و سوسن هر یکا خار و خسی
 آبروی از آتش شهوت چرا ریزی بخل
 از هوا چون بگذری زان پس صفایابی بسی
 شوربای چشم خود خوردن بر ابن یمین
 به که باید خورد سبکبای رخ هر ناکسی

Do not seek a noble mind
 In a soul of abject make,
 Cypress and lilies you'll not find
 In a thorny bramble brake.²
 Why from fire of lustfulness,
 Drag your honour in the dust ?
 When you pass from such excess
 Your pureness will suffice, I trust.

I Ibn Yamin would rather wish
 To taste the broth of my own tears,
 Than be obliged to eat the dish
 Of bitter looks the mean man bears.

THE CRAZE FOR BUILDING

زر بسیار چه حاجت که کنی صرف بر آنکه
 خاقتاهی ز گنج و سنگ بعیوق بری
 زر که بر خشت و گلت ساده دلاصرف شود
 شرم دار از خرد خود که ز خیرش شمیری
 سفره گردان کن اگر نام نکو میطلبی
 که بدین نام ز اعیان جهان برگذری

Up to Capella's height thy buildings go,
 What use is all the gold thou spendest so ?
 The gold that pays for stacks of bricks
 and clay,
 With shame bethink thee, stupid ! Does
 it pay ?
 Keep open house to gain a lasting name
 And thus surpass the world's great men
 of fame.

¹ Compare 'Omar Khayyám's quatrain beginning *Bá baṭ miguft mǎhi* in my edition of O. Kh., p. 60.

² Cf. Vergil, E. i, ll. 25-6.

" Verum haec tantum alias inter caput extulit urbes,
 Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi."

IN PRAISE OF HUSBANDRY

ز قطعِ راهِ دراز امل غنی نشوی
 بر آستانِ قناعت مگر مقام کنی
 یکی دو گاو بدست آوری و مزرعهٔ
 یکی امیر و دگر را وزیر نام کنی
 و گر کفاف معیشت نباشد زان نیز
 روی و نان جوی از جهود وام کنی
 هزار بار از آن به که بامداد پگاه
 مگر به بندی و بر چون خودی سلام کنی

If at hope's journey's end things go not well,
 On the still threshold of contentment dwell.
 If thou hast land, plough oxen, too, a pair
 Call one *Amir* the other call *Wazir*.¹
 And if thy livelihood too meagre seems,
 Borrow from Jews—and thus augment thy means.
 This seems to me one thousand times as good
 As early serving² for thy livelihood.

AMBITION

هرگز نه لایق است ز بهر دو روزه عمر
 مغرور جاه و نعمت دنیا شود کسی
 یا از برای یک شکم نان نیم سیر
 گردد رهین متّ انعام هر خسی
 آزاد باش و فارغ و قانع ز بهر آنکه
 دل در خدای بند و محو آرزو بسی

How little it beseems that any man
 Should boast himself of wealth in life's short span,
 Or that for half a belly-full of bread,
 By favour of the vile should be bestead.
 At leisure live—as free—contented too
 Confide in God—Ambition's pathes chew.

A BARLEY LOAF

نان جوین و خرقةٔ پشمین و آب سرد
 سیارهٔ قرآن و حدیث یمبری
 بایکد و هم نفس که نیرزد به نیم جو
 در پیش چشم همت شان ملک سنجر
 این آن سعادت است که بروی حسد برد
 دارای تحت قیصر و ملک سکندری

A barley loaf and woollen patched caftán,
 With water cold from out a flowing source,
 (To read) a portion of the great Qurán,
 Traditions of the Prophet, too, of course ;
 These with the concourse of a friend or two,
 Who would appraise at less than half a grain
 The Sanjar's mighty kingdom³—in their view—
 All this—a happiness I would maintain,
 That envy might who sits on Cæsar's throne,
 Or Alexander's empire sways alone.

¹ Amir, etc. And, he implies, apply the stick to them under these names.

² Serving. Lit. *In the early morning girding thyself and salaaming to one like thyself.*

³ The Sanjar's mighty kingdom. Probably refers to Sultán Sanjar Saljuki, sixth Sultan of the Saljuks, son of Malik Sháh, who ascended the throne of Persia and Khorasán in A.D. 1107. The Saljuks were originally Turkman and overcame the Buwayhid dynasty in A.D. 1055. They became the devoted patrons of the arts. Under the third Saljuk Malik Sháh the cities became filled with mosques and colleges. It was during this reign that 'Omar Khayyám flourished.

APPENDIX

Quotations in the Persian Character

Reference

<p>منگر کہ دل ابن یمین پر خون شد—منگر کہ از این سرای فانی چون شد مصحف بکف و چشم برہ روی بدوست—با یل اجل خندہ زنان بیرون شد رموز سلطنت خویش خسروان دانند—گدای گوشہ نشینی تو حافظا محروش نکوئی با بدان کردن چنان است—کہ بد کردن بجای نیک مردان دویار زیرل واز بادۂ کهن دومی—فراغتی و کتابی و گوشۂ چمنی الدنیاء حیفۃ و طالبہا کلاب زاهد شراب ناب سے جب تک وضو نہو—لایق ناز پڑھنے کے مسجد میں تو نہو دل میرو دزدستم صاحب دلان خدا را—درد اکہ راز پنہان خواہد شد آشکارا التَّكَاحُ سَتِي فَمِنْ رَغْبٍ عَنِّي فُلَيْسَ مَنِّي</p>	<p>Preface, p. xii, n. 4.</p> <p>P. 1, n. 4.</p> <p>P. 14, n. 1.</p> <p>P. 19, n. 1.</p> <p>P. 29, n. 2.</p> <p>P. 36, n. 1.</p> <p>P. 42, n. 2.</p> <p>P. 43, n. 4.</p>
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